

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1843.

Original.

## THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY J. G. BRUCE.

ALL who have ever passed up the valley, and above the falls of the Great Kanawha, and wound around the mountain spurs which skirt New River, with its beautiful cascades, have seen the "Hawk's Nest," or as it is now scientifically called, "Marshall's Pillar." Connected with it there is many a tale of horror, the recital of which chills the blood, and sends it shivering back upon the heart. The "Hawk's Nest" is nine miles above the junction of Gauley with New River, and is the principal object of interest among the cliffs of the latter. The James River and Kanawha turnpike passes near it, and thousands every year stand upon its summit to wonder and admire. It is a mass of red sandstone, rising perpendicularly eight hundred or a thousand feet above the bed of the river: it is nearly a naked rock, destitute of shrub or flower for several feet, except one little scrubby pine, which seems to have been planted there for the benefit of coward pilgrims; for, without the support it yields, few would ever look into the depths beneath. Back a few paces are large forest trees. As you stand upon the projecting point of the rock you have a fine view of the river, which, on your left, comes tumbling and foaming along its confined and irregular channel; at your feet it is as quiet as the mountain lake, when no wind of heaven breaths upon its bosom—a polished mirror, throwing back the image of every object painted on its surface, calmed to sleep in the deep cradle which nature has hewn in the solid rock. Its quiet seems an act of reverend respect to the pillar that towers above in silent grandeur; for it has only passed a little on to the right, when it again sends up its everlasting murmur and dashes on, as if in haste to leave its mountain home. The language put into "*Bruar waters*," by the Scottish bard, may be appropriately used by New River:—

"Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,  
In twisting strength I rin:  
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,  
Wild roaring o'er a linn:  
Enjoying large each spring and well,  
As nature gave them me,  
I am, altho' I say't mysel,  
Worth gaun a mile to see."

The Christian, as he gazes upon this scene of beautiful confusion, and listens to the wild anthem of the ever rolling flood, will feel the force, and see the beauty of the Psalmist's exclamation, "Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful together before the Lord;" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will not we fear,

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though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High."

Returning from Lewisburg, in 1839, we conceived the design of ascertaining its altitude by actual measurement. Having constructed a *water level*, and provided ourselves with other necessary apparatus, we prepared to descend to the bed of the river a half mile above. Our company consisted of Rev. S. Robinson, of Charleston, Virginia; Mr. F. Brooks; Col. Hamilton, and his little son, some ten years of age; Mrs. B., and myself. At about 2 o'clock, we commenced our descent, winding down the side of the mountain by one of the most *zig zag* paths ever pressed by human foot. The sun poured a full tide of light and heat upon our pathway, and scarce a breeze breathed refreshment on a fainting world; and, though surrounded by

"Majestic woods, of ever vigorous green,  
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,"

we suffered greatly from the effects of the heat; but the wildness of the scene, and the novelty of our own position, beguiled our pain, and urged us on. At the end of half an hour we had all gained the margin of the river, and sat down to breathe, and contemplate the stupendous works of the supreme Architect, with which we were surrounded. The tall cliffs rose above us, bearing upon their sides, here and there, a vine, whose rich foilage contrasted delightfully with the rock on whose brow time had chiseled many a line. On their summit stood the pine and cedar, whose leaf is ever green; above was the deep blue heaven, overcast here and there by the soft fleecy clouds, passing lazily to and fro, as if in quest of some parched spot on which to drop the gentle rain. New River dashed madly on at our feet, as if angered that we had invaded her sanctuary. Around were the holly, a favorite of the Scottish bard; the magnolia, whose crimson fruit blushed in the sun-light; at their roots bloomed the lily; the wild birds sang among their branches, joining their treble to the hoarse and mighty bass of the river. As we gazed upon this scene of beauty and terror, we exclaimed, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty;" "Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

We had supposed that, this point reached, our difficulties were at an end until we should commence our ascent. But it was a sad mistake. The valley was, in many places, choked up by drift wood and huge masses of stone; these must be passed, if we would

reach the base of the "Hawk's Nest;" and with our ardor somewhat abated, and a feeling of weariness approaching exhaustion, we renewed our journey, and at half-past 3 o'clock reached the base; and, having with the eye measured it to its "topmost towering height," and duly counted the cost of taking its altitude with such instruments as we had, concluded to "wait for a more convenient season:" a conclusion agreeing well with our extreme lassitude. We held a consultation as to the route by which we should return—whether we should climb our way back along the path by which we had come, or ascend the almost perpendicular cliff just above the "Hawk's Nest." This Col. Hamilton told us was a passable route; but no lady had ever ventured to travel it, and it was doubtful about Mrs. B. being able to accomplish it. But she determined to become our pioneer, and this decided us in favor of the new route; and laying down our instruments, to be washed away by the first swell of the river, we commenced ascending where few had gone before, and few will come after us. Our pathway was over loose masses of sand-stone, rolling under our feet and tumbling down the steep until, broken to atoms, they were lost in the distance, and the echoes they had startled into existence died away in the fastness of the everlasting rocks. About two hundred feet up, we gained a bench of rock where we could rest, and sat down sighing for

"Water, clear, cold water,  
In the running brook so blue."

Above us rose, in solemn grandeur, the "Hawk's Nest;" beneath New River slept in quiet beauty. We loosened some of the larger rocks from their resting places and started them down to join their kindred that had gone before; and, as they rushed down with the lightning's speed, we slowly toiled up the steep ascent, helping ourselves forward by catching every shrub within our reach. One hundred feet brought us to a perpendicular elevation thirty feet high, which we had to pass by means of an *Indian ladder*; i. e., a pole notched at regular intervals. We climbed up as best we could; and having gained the table above, sat down to rest and talk over the tales of horror told of the "Hawk's Nest."

One was that, many years ago, before the present road was opened, and few, if any, knew of this place, two hunters, having pursued their game until it became dark, stopped to spend the night on the "Hawk's Nest." Having kindled a fire, one of them took his cup to procure water from the stream whose murmur came up so invitingly. He approached the precipice, and reached over to dip the water, but failing to do so, he stretched himself further over; but his arm would not fathom a thousand feet, and he returned to the fire to sleep in happy unconsciousness of the narrow escape he had made. But morning uncovered to his view his imminent peril. With what feelings must he have gazed into the depths beneath! and how sensibly must he have felt his obligations to Him "who piled the mountain, and reared the rough rock's height."

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Having rested, we passed along a ledge of rocks where we found large quantities of salt petre. Formerly (Col. H. told us) the hunters were in the habit of coming here for the purpose of making gun-powder; but since they have been able to obtain it in exchange for skins, furs, &c., there are very few who make it themselves. They would come just before the setting in of winter, and make the quantity which they supposed would be necessary for the season. But their fires were extinguished—they were not there—and their only traces were a few half charred logs, and some scattered beds of ashes. We wound up a narrow defile, and found ourselves standing upon the turnpike, each congratulating the other upon his healthful appearance. It was 6 o'clock, P. M.; we had six miles to drive; we returned to Col. H.'s, where we had left our horses; and, having taken some pure cold water, we bade our kind and gentlemanly host adieu, and threw ourselves into our carriages. The stars had set their watch before we reached the public house, where, after partaking of some refreshment, and recounting our adventures, we were lulled to sleep by the everlasting dirge of the New River cascades.

#### THE JOYS OF PRAYER.

EVEN in those parts of prayer that might seem only painful, there is a pleasure that would be ill exchanged for this world's most boasted bliss. In the bitterness of repentant sorrow for sin, there is a sweetness; in the agony of fervent supplication for pardon, there is a joy, as much superior to the best the world can boast, as the heavens are higher than the earth—

The broadest smile unfeeling folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than prayer's repentant tears.

O! what a happy, heaven-foretasting life might the children of God enjoy on earth, if they would live a life of prayer! How calm might they be in the midst of the wildest storms. How joyful in the midst of the deepest tribulations. How composed and cheerful, while all around was agitation and alarm—the smile of heaven sparkling around their path, the peace of heaven dwelling within their hearts.

They say that travelers in Alpine regions are encompassed with a clear atmosphere, and cloudless sunshine, while traversing the summits of those lofty mountains, at the very time that the world below them is all wrapt in mists and darkness, and thunder clouds are bursting at their feet. Even thus does prayer lift the believer to a loftier and serener region, far, far above the clouds and storms that darken and distract the world below. In that region of purity and peace, the atmosphere is clear and calm; and the light of God's countenance shines brightly on the believer's soul, while he sees the thunder-clouds of earthly care and sorrow rolling beneath his feet; thus realizing the beautiful illustration of the poet:

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head!"

Original.

## SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

'Twas solemn night. No star came forth to break  
The sullen darkness. Not a sound disturbed  
The rest of wearied nature, save the moan  
Of the approaching storm, that went and came  
Like the hard breathings of a dying heart!  
Worse than *this*, darkness rested on the soul  
Of Israel's king, as he came forth to seek  
The sybil's solitude—a last resource!  
God had forsaken him—in vain he pray'd—  
In vain he sought by prophet, or by dream!  
The heart of Saul was harden'd—he had left  
The ways of righteousness—had ceased to walk  
In sweet humility before his God!  
His friend, proud Israel's prophet, too, was gone—  
No longer there to intercede with Heaven;  
And danger threaten'd him at ev'ry point!  
Then trembled kingly Saul, and call'd for one  
Of those whom he had banish'd in his pride—  
"Behold," they say, "at Endor dwelleth one  
Who calleth on familiar spirits."

See!

Disguis'd, and lonely, goeth mighty Saul,  
Bow'd down in spirit, asking mortal aid!  
Vain man! *God* hath refused to hear thy call—  
Can *man* avail thee in thy trying hour?  
In Endor's forest stood a lovely cot,  
Half buried in some sweet and trailing vines,  
And fragrant flowers, that crept along its eaves!  
'Neath the rude door the fire-light softly gleam'd,  
And by its blaze a gentle being sate,  
And chaunted, in a low and mournful voice,  
The story of her wrongs; and as she sang,  
The wind in fitful gusts swept thro' the trees,  
And faster, faster, fell the beating rain!  
Hark! some one knocketh at the lowly door!  
The woman's heart is touch'd—she gently opes,  
And bids them enter. With surprise they gaze  
On grace and beauty where they look'd for age  
And sad deformity. The heart of Saul  
Is soften'd, as he says, "I pray thee, bring  
Up unto me the one whom I shall name."  
Trembling, she stands, reminding him that death  
Is meted out to those who break the law  
Of Israel's king. Now, by his promises,  
And yet in fear, she calls up all her powers.

Behold! there comes

Up thro' the darkness one bow'd down with years,  
Wearing the prophet's mantle; and the heart  
Of Saul is troubled, as he bows him down  
Upon the earth, and hears the well known tones  
Of Samuel's voice: "Why hast thou call'd me up?  
And wherefore askest me what thou shalt do,  
When God deserts thee? for the Lord hath done  
That which he spake thro' me. Thy haughty pride

Is bow'd for ever, and the kingdom rent  
Out of thine impious hand. Before the sun  
Shall sink to rest again, thou and thy sons  
Shalt be with me in death; for God hath dealt  
In justice with thee!"

On the earthen floor,  
Prostrate upon his face, lay mighty Saul,  
Writhing in agony. Before him rose  
A mighty host of sins. The laws of God,  
Which once he lov'd, were trampled 'neath his feet;  
And mem'ry whisper'd of ingratitude  
And disobedience to Him who made  
And crown'd him Israel's king. "The bitterness  
Of death indeed was past"—he lifted up  
His manly voice, and wept—the big bright tears  
Falling amongst the long and silvery hair.  
In vain they strove to soothe him; for his sins  
Were piled 'twixt him and heaven. The words  
Of prayer but trembled on his lips, but could not find  
Way to the "great white throne."

The morning came;  
But ere the close of day Saul and his sons  
Were gather'd to their fathers, cold in death!

## GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.

THIN clouds are floating o'er the sky,  
And in the glorious west  
Lingers the rose's brilliancy,  
Where sank the sun to rest.  
A streak of light is hovering there,  
Unwilling to depart;  
And soft and still the wintry air  
Breathes o'er the grateful heart.

Though summer's step of joy is fled,  
Her voice of music hushed,  
Her shade of living verdure dead,  
Her flowery chaplets crush'd;  
Sweet nature still hath power to bless,  
By mercy's hand arrayed,  
Her morn in fairy loveliness,  
Her eve in dove-like shade.

So, when the days of joys are past,  
And life's enchantment o'er;  
When we have bowed to sorrow's blast,  
And hope is bright no more;  
There still are mercies full and free  
Mixed in the cup of woes,  
And, where the mourner cannot see,  
In faith he onward goes.

Then weep not o'er the hour of pain,  
As those who lose their all;  
Gather the fragments that remain,  
They'll prove nor few nor small.  
The thankful spirit finds relief,  
In calm submissive love;  
Toils hopeful on, amidst his grief,  
And looks for joy above.



Original.  
GNOSTICISM.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

IN all ages since letters have been cultivated there have been men who have arrogated to themselves the proud title of philosophers. Under the name of philosophy has been comprehended every thing which the imagination of man could invent. Nothing has been considered too absurd, nothing too ridiculous to be christened by this dignified title. Especially is this true of that system which we shall now attempt to describe.

The term gnostic is derived from the Greek word *γνῶσις*, (*gnosis*.) signifying knowledge, and was assumed as a cognomen by those who pretended to superior wisdom and knowledge. The rise of gnosticism, as a system, was gradual. As a sect, the gnostics flourished principally in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. Some writers, especially Dr. Mosheim, have assigned to it an oriental birth-place, probably Persia, or India. We think, however, that there is no evidence to sustain this position. The probability, as we think, is that it originated in a far different manner. As Christianity extended its influence, it brought within the circle of its professed friends many of those who laid claim to the name of philosophers. These men were strongly attached to the doctrines of some one of the prevailing schools of those times. The most prominent of these was the Platonic. These philosophers found many things in Christianity which did not accord with those systems to which they felt strongly attached. To be Christians, and not to lose their character of philosophers, was the great object for which they strove. This could not be done unless it could be shown that the doctrines of Christianity and those of the schools were identical, or at least did not clash. In order to accomplish a task so difficult resort was had to what was termed the concealed meaning of the Scriptures. When this principle of two meanings—the obvious and the hidden—was once entertained, it was easy to bend every thing to coincide with the preconceived ideas of those who advocated it. Many good men were led away by it, to the incalculable injury of the cause of Christ. If such a man as Origen could be led into error on this very subject—and so deeply as he was—it is not wonderful that those of less piety and learning, but of more prejudice and blind attachment to their respective systems, should be led to adopt a system so monstrous as that of the gnostics.

The time when gnosticism first arose cannot, with certainty, be determined. It is probable, however, that it was soon after the propagation of Christianity, although its principles may have existed antecedent to that time. Before the death of the apostles it began to manifest itself. Hence, we find Paul charging Timothy (1, vi, 20) to avoid profane, vain babbling, and oppositions of science, falsely so called. The word here translated science is *γνῶσις*, (*gnosis*.) and evi-

dently refers to those elements of the gnostic system which had began to show themselves even in the days of the apostles.

The gnostics were divided into several sects, the most prominent of which were the Valentinians. The system which they held will serve, with but little variation, for all the others. They believed that there was a great and eternal existence, or *Æon*, who was the author, directly or indirectly, of all things created—that he lived an indolent, inactive life, in a place called *Pleroma*, or space bounded by *Horos*, or limit. This *Pleroma*, thus bounded by a circle, contained the supreme and incomprehensible God, who never came out to notice the affairs of this lower world, but satisfied himself with inactivity and quietude. This mighty *Æon*, whom they called *Bythos*, or depth, had a wife, sometimes called *Sige*, or silence, sometimes *Charis*, or grace, and sometimes *Ennoea*, or thought. These two *Æons* begat two more, male and female, the first called *Nus*, or mind, the second *Alethia*, or truth. This *Nus*, or, as he was sometimes called, *Monogenes*, was the only one that could comprehend the greatness of his father, *Bythos*. *Nus* and *Alethia* begat two more, also male and female—*Logos*, or word, and *Zoe*, or life. These two another pair, *Anthropos*, or man, and *Ecclesia*, or church. These eight *Æons* constituted those of the first class, or order, and were denominated the root or substance of all the rest. The last two pairs seeming to possess a greater desire to promote the glory of their great Original than the others, produced eleven couples more. Of these *Logos* and *Zoe* produced *Bythus*, or depth, and *Mixis*, or mixture—*Ageratus*, or never old, and *Henosis*, or union—*Autophues*, or self-begotten, and *Hedone*, or pleasure—*Acinetus*, or unmovable, and *Synerasis*, or composition—*Monogenes*, or only begotten, and *Macaria*, or happiness. From *Anthropos* and *Ecclesia* proceeded *Paracletus*, comforter, and *Pistis*, faith—*Patricus*, paternal, and *Elpis*, hope—*Metricus*, maternal, and *Agape*, love—*Acinos*, eternal mind, and *Synesis*, understanding—*Ecclesiasticus*, preacher, and *Macariotes*, blessedness—*Theletes*, willing, and *Sophia*, wisdom. These thirty *Æons* all resided in the before-mentioned *Pleroma*, mutually enjoying and rejoicing in one another.

We before stated that *Nus*, or *Monogenes*, was the only one that could comprehend the greatness of *Bythos*. All the others anxiously desired this, especially *Sophia*, the last of the *Æons*, whose desires were so strong as caused her to give birth to a nondescript called *Matter*. At this event she was so frightened that she would have fallen out of the *Pleroma* if *Horos* had not prevented. Her offspring, *Matter*, however, was cast out in *Vacuo*, from which afterward the worlds were formed. In order to prevent a similar calamity, *Monogenes* emitted two more *Æons*, called *Christ* and the *Holy Ghost*. The whole together, in some mysterious manner, afterward produced and sent forth *Jesus*, whom they also called the *Savior*, and with him a number of angels as his attendants.

Christ the *Savior* took pity on the offspring of So-



phia, giving to her a shape, and calling her Achamoth. From her tears, laughter, &c., were formed all things without the Pleroma, with the exception of her own dwelling place, which was situated midway between the Pleroma and the abode of her son Demiurgus, the maker and ruler of this world. This Demiurgus, after he had created all things, retired to his own abode, and there remained in a state of supineness and inactivity, leaving all his affairs to the administration of the devil.

Such is a sketch of their kosmogony, and the government of the universe (if such perfect jargon can so be called.) How men calling themselves Christians could adopt such monstrous notions we cannot conceive. Nor were their other ideas any more consistent with reason or common sense. They held the God of the Jews in supreme contempt—esteeming him as a malicious being, whom Jesus came to destroy. They supposed all sin to consist in matter. Hence they held to the doctrine of self-mortification—esteeming that the more the body was kept under, the more holy and spiritual would the mind become. Thus making sin the result of the necessary connection of the mind and body.

Other sects of the gnostics held the eternity of matter—others that it was not eternal, but almost so, having existed long before Demiurgus, and that he only formed or modeled it. There were some other differences, which time forbids our entering upon here.

Irenæus was the great opposer of this heresy. It is from his works that we are enabled to ascertain their views and principles. There were many points in which gnosticism agreed with other prevailing heresies of those times, which will appear as these are unfolded.

The frequent attacks which this system experienced from many of the early fathers, and the dissoluteness of the lives of many of its professors, ultimately caused it to go down; and the name of gnostic, which, at first, was glorious, became a term of reproach and ignominy.

#### DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ART thou gone, my child? Yes, thy toys, thy cradle, speak in language which cannot be mistaken. Such silence is truly eloquent. But thou canst not die again—death has no more power over thee. Thy fond mother will no more agonize at thy parting sigh. O glorious immortality!

Thou hast not lost thy way, my little one; for prophets and apostles, and even Christ himself has passed through the tomb before thee.

Thou hast now entered the school of Christ in heaven. He himself shall be thy teacher, and there shalt thou study the volumes of eternity. The map of God's universe shall not only be thy chart, but thou hast also the telescope of heaven to assist thy unclouded vision. The rays that emanate from the uncreated One shall for ever illumine thy pathway. Thou shalt no more need the light of the sun, nor moon, for God is thy sun and shield. From seraphim and cherubim shalt thou learn the notes of heaven, while Gabriel

leads the choir. Yes, my child, Christ died for such as thou art. He that cannot lie hath said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thy mother saw but the feeble dawn of thy being, for thou wast blighted in the very bud of thine earthly existence. Still thy capacities and powers of improvement shall continue to expand, and thou shalt rise higher and higher in the scale of being for ever and for ever, and no future blight or sorrow shall retard thy progress; but thou shalt experience one eternal, happy, glorious march of mind.

Live on then, my sweet child; live in the society of the pure and holy; live where sin cannot annoy thee; tune thy golden harp, and bless God and the Lamb for immortality.

Yes, when empires and kingdoms shall have passed away; when sun, moon and stars shall be blotted out, thy eternity has but just begun.

Thou hast not forgotten thy mother—no, love dies not in heaven—but thou shalt be the first, on angel wing, to welcome her to the abodes of bliss.

Farewell, then, my child; thy mother will weep no more for thee; she will no more sigh for thy return, for our separation will be but momentary. Time is short, and soon will be swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity.

Soon the dawn of a never-ending day shall be ushered in. Soon we shall mingle our songs with the innumerable multitude who unceasingly cry, "Holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts."—*Mother's Magazine.*



#### "THY WORD IS TRUTH."

I READ, and I believe. My soul is witness of the truth; of the truth of what I am; of what I must be; and of what I may be. The heavens may be no more; the sun may cease to shine, and the stars go out in darkness, but thy word stands secure and fixed, eternal truth. Years upon years may come and go, ages upon ages roll on a ceaseless round, and thy word stands eternal truth, eternal as thy own existence. Read by millions that have ceased to be on earth, and to be read by millions yet to come. And now it meets my eye: it comes to me, a sojourner here, as were my fathers; but soon, like them, I shall pass away. It speaks to me. I read, and I believe. I realize *thy word is truth*. Away from human speculations, from the folly of boasting human reasonings, I turn my eye. Too long have I built my faith on man's opinions. Now, O truth, O word of God, I come to thee. Naked I hang on thy word, and I prove thy word is truth. Thy promises, what are they? They are spirit, and they are life. My soul is unsupplied no more. Doubts and fears, where are ye? Ah, ye are consumed in the light of truth. Ye cannot bear the blaze of truth. And malice, and revenge, where are ye? By the power of truth, I see you blasted, overthrown. And *self*, the demon *self*, where art thou? Truth wages with thee a war of utter extermination. Its language is, *I am Jehovah. I am that I am*. O man, what more canst thou comprehend of God than this—*God is*. And thou thyself a worm.

Original.

## THE PROPHECIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It will scarcely be denied that the prophetic Scriptures are obscure. If any affirm the contrary, and profess to have certainly discovered the significance and application of most of the unfulfilled prophecies, we must say to them—mistaken men! We not only apprehend that they err, but we suspect *them* of at least *unconscious* pride, or of some other temper indocile to the divine teaching, and forward beyond all Scriptural warrant, to pry into mysteries which do not belong to them.

And it matters not whether they belong to this or to that class of interpreters—whether they be Millenarians, Anti-Millenarians, or Millerites. Professing a knowledge of the just application of prophecy; in detail, to coming changes in their exact order or succession, we look upon them as errorists.

"This," some will say, "is passing strange; for what can be the design of revelations which no one can understand? Why should we be pronounced 'blessed' in 'reading or hearing' words from which we can gather no truth? What is the aim of the 'Great Teacher' if his prophecies convey to us no instruction?" We are used to such queries. And we hesitate not to confess, that now and then they have produced in our mind a momentary demur to the views we have here expressed. But after some efforts at recollection, and perhaps an excursion among commentaries and books of interpretation in the vain hope of reaching better ground, we were compelled to return, and re-occupy the station we had left, rejoicing to settle down in quietness, and finding it good—very good—to partake once more of the "sincere milk of the word"—of the *nourishing* portions of God's revelation.

It by no means follows, however, that the prophetic books of holy Scripture are useless, because we cannot apply their predictions with certainty to the events which fulfill them. There are several other important benefits to be derived from the prophecies. They impress on the docile mind the wholesome truth that God is ever present amongst men—that by a direct agency he controls the nations—that he governs or overrules all things, and renders them ultimately subservient to the good of his people and the glory of his Son. They also assure us of the final triumph of truth. They leave no doubt in the mind of the humble disciple as to the ultimate destiny of the friends and the foes of the Church. The prophecies are to be read for the purpose of producing in the mind a deep sense of the presence of God, to exercise this control over all human public and private affairs, in behalf of his redeemed and sanctified people. As to the interpretation of the prophecies in the sense of showing that they point out such and such events at such and such periods, as the destruction of Romanism, for example, in the nineteenth century, we doubt its utility, and especially if it be in

the spirit or the letter of bold and unqualified assertion. And we believe that to maintain either the positive or the negative of any exegetical proposition concerning them, is generally an example of this unseemly or indiscreet boldness. We mean by this, that to deny is dogmatical as well as to affirm, because it involves the assumption of science or certain knowledge, where we believe science is impossible. To illustrate more fully our meaning—a large number of Christians and ministers affirm that the second advent of Jesus Christ is at hand. Now he who shall oppose to their unqualified assertion, an unqualified denial, becomes just as dogmatical as his opponent, and assumes to know *quod hoc*, or on this point, just as much about the import of the prophecy.

Of the different parties—the Millenarian, the Anti-Millenarian, and the Millerite—it were at present difficult to determine which is most blame-worthy in regard to unwarrantable assumption and rash assertion. All are sufficiently involved. Mr. Miller and his adherents are frequently accused of unbounded and unpardonable impudence, in language which we are sure affords but a poor example of a manner more modest and docile. The Millenarians are held up to the profane public as objects of derision in much the same style. And lastly, the Anti-Millenarians also, are under the penalty of the *lex talionis*; so that on the whole the interpretation of prophecy in our day displays temper if not erudition and genius. It shows that men can *feel*, if not *reason*, about the Pope, the millenium, the day of judgment, and the glorification of the saints.

In the midst of much discussion on these topics, we feel that nothing is so important as moderation. And we are not sure but moderation requires silence. We believe that "quietism," in regard to the millenium and its implications, or its form, would be a great blessing to the Church; not that men should cease to read and study the prophecies, but "let them learn in silence, and hush debate." There has been discussion enough to answer all profitable ends. Let us then pause here, and from loud and deafening dialogue resort to closet labors. Prayerful study of the Bible is our best hope of knowing what is the mind of the Spirit. The perusal of what has been recently written on the prophecies has produced on our own mind precisely the effect set forth by the editor of the "Spirit of the XIX. Century," at the close of the following remarks, which are so suited to our views, and to the times, that we adopt them as the conclusion of this brief article.

"The great departments of Scripture truth are its moral, its doctrine, and its prophecies. No doubt, speaking in the largest sense, every duty flows from some previously ascertained truth, which being first established, the manner of its action becomes a law, and the practical duty follows; and in philosophy and morality in their largest acceptation, this is the process—and hence both of them are so obscure to the great mass of men, seeing that ultimate truth and the deduction of fixed and rational laws concerning it, and the establishment of settled duties based thereon, are



matters far out of the reach of most minds. In revealed truth the process is somewhat different, and very much clearer and more certain. It being ascertained that God has revealed to man a code of perfect morality, the ultimate truth here is the naked fact of the revelation of the precept; and so the rule is clear and the duty plain—entirely independently, to us, of the anterior truth upon which the revealed duty is based in the mind of God, or if the expression is preferred, in the nature of things. So it follows that the reverse of what occurs in natural religion and general philosophy, is true in Christian morals; in the former, truth being clearer than duty which is founded on it; in the latter, the immediate will of God being interposed as the proximate truth upon which our duties rest, it is obvious that the moral is far clearer than the doctrinal portion of Scripture. What may be the future conduct of Providence in the working out of vast, complicated and transcendently glorious plans, in the midst of all which those great but remote truths upon which Christian morality itself ultimately rests in the mind of God, (but before which, as regards us, he has mercifully placed his precepts based on them,) will still continue to operate; it is manifestly impossible for the limited capacity of man even to conjecture. To some extent, God has been pleased to reveal to his people, what he would do before he did it. But the intrinsic complexity and vastness of the subject would render it extremely difficult for us to comprehend more than the naked facts which God should condescend to reveal in ever so plain a way; and when he does this, of set purpose, obscurely and in figures and types which are themselves often hard to be comprehended, the difficulties of the subject are immensely increased. Unfulfilled prophecy therefore is out of all comparison a more difficult portion of Scripture than the doctrinal part of it, as this has been shown to be greatly more so than the moral portion. What we ought to do, is revealed with perfect clearness; what we ought to believe is by no means so obvious, nor so easily settled; but what God will do is above all, hard to determine. Hence we see that amongst pious people there is little difference of opinion as to Christian morals; but there is very great diversity of belief on many points; and there is no other Babel equal to that confusion which prevails, and has always prevailed in regard to unfulfilled prophecy. This work of Mr. Fleming\* has attracted some attention from a lucky guess or two, which seemed to have some semblance of fulfillment a century after they were hazarded, (in a very modest way, it must be allowed;) and we have taken the trouble to peruse it attentively, twice; once, some years ago, and again just now. The principal effect it produces on our mind is to perplex it, and obscure the whole subject; which indeed is the best we can say for most of that portion of religious literature that treats of the subject of prophecy, so far as we have examined it—which, for a long time and to a large extent, we have done. This remark, however, is rather

intended to apply to the general theories and principles of expositors, than to their entire labors; for there are few whose works are familiar to us, from whom we have not, as we think, derived valuable information and important suggestions."



## SACRED MEDITATIONS.

"*Thy law is in my heart.*" Thy law, thy law of love, O thou Eternal One, may it again be written on man's heart to be the spring of action, the life of his existence? May his sinful, groveling affections be lifted up and fastened on thee, O thou blessed God? Yes, this is the new covenant of thy mercy, *to write thy law in the heart.* By thy own living Spirit to engrave it there, in characters as real as thy own existence; for thy law of love is a transcript of thyself, a part of thine own nature. When thy law is in the heart, there is thy love, there art thou thyself, a living, breathing spirit. O it is blessed to give up the heart to God. He does not leave it a blank: he does not leave it a sink of pollution. No, he shines into it, by his own most blessed, purifying light, and causes it to send forth heart-felt streams of joy and gladness, of purity and beauty. He penetrates its depths, and searches out its evil windings, and breathes health and vigor to its very source. Who would not give up his heart to God, and have the law of love, the law of heaven, enshrined in his inmost soul? Who, ah who, what wretched one is there, who will not fasten his eye on the *new covenant of mercy*, and there fix it, until he realizes his own heart to be a heart of love? *Love!* Truly all else is as sounding brass, an empty sound compared with love. Love fills up the measure of the heart, it leaves no aching void. Its object *always is, and always is to be*, the GREAT I AM, the proofs and pledges of whose love are never wanting. The law of love is the life of the believer's soul, the element in which he lives. The one emotion which alone he covets, and which often fills his soul to overflowing, and leaves no room for other emotions to dwell. O love, what art thou in *real life, in action?* It is love that suffers long from ill-usage and contempt, and *still is kind.* It seeth another of higher gifts and graces, but it envieth not. It is lowly in itself; it seeketh not itself, it seeketh the good of others. O love, I see thee all drawn out in the life of Jesus, and I know what thou art. Thou hast an eye always turned upward, to catch the motions of *His eye*, thy God, thy Father. Thou hast chosen His will, whatever blasts may come upon thee. Thy example, O Jesus, teaches us what love is, and thy precepts teach us. I will follow thy example; I will keep thy precepts, for therein do I delight, and thus shall I ever abide in thy love and find thy law written on my heart.

"*Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.*" It is but the reflection of God we see on earth, the shadow of his glory. What will it be to see him face to face? I have seen the sun go down in calm, majestic beauty, and the reflection of his rays extending far around the horizon, and I have thought of God,

\*"Apocalyptical Key."

whose presence lights up heaven, and whose reflected glory beams all around from the company of the blest. What will it be to see God? To behold him, whose countenance is as lightning, and whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and all this effulgence beaming love? To see him, who measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, and who taketh up the isles as a very little thing? And to behold in this great God, a Savior, a friend, a friend *for ever*? To see his arms extended, and to hear him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; come ye blessed of my father." What will it be to tread with Jesus, our elder brother, the ceaseless round of eternity? To see him clothed and fashioned like ourselves, to be joint heirs with him, and to be entered on this inheritance; to receive the full fruition of this blessedness? What will it be to strike our golden harps in the pure atmosphere of heaven? Hark! what vibrations! I seem to catch the sound and—*to be there*.

O, Jesus, it is but a glimpse of thee, we have on earth, and we know our shattered bark can bear but little of thy glory. We cannot see thy face and live. We will be content to serve thee, with but partial views of thee, only be thou our strength. Let us feel that thou art with us, and in us, and art round about us, and we will be content. Although to die is gain, yet to live is Christ. O, it is blessed to live on earth, and *have a Savior*. To be a weary wanderer no more, but to come home to our Father's house, and rest on the bosom of Jesus, with no desire for aught else but him. While I live I will praise thee, O Jesus, Redeemer of my soul; and when I escape, as a bird let loose, I will praise thee with an angel's tongue.

"*Except ye be converted and become as little children.*" See the little child, how weak, how helpless, how dependent, and see thyself, O humble believer. Stripped of all thy riches, thy earth-born possessions, thou hast come to Christ, wretched and poor, and blind and naked. Self-destroyed, thou knowest that in him alone thy help is found. As the little child turns to its mother for the supply of all its wants, thus dost thou turn to Christ. With what confiding simplicity it rests its little head upon its mother's arm, and how happy are those arms to embrace so beloved, so helpless an object. And yet the mother may forget her child, but *I will never forget thee*, saith our God. How much more safe than art thou, O believer, with his arms underneath thee. His everlasting arms will uphold thee, when stripped of all self-will and self-dependence, thou dost look to him alone for help. It is such *little ones*, such self-abased, such humble ones, that the Lord carries in his arms, and folds in his bosom. It is over such our Lord rejoiced in spirit when on earth, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and *revealed them unto babes*. Where, O my soul; where, O my Savior, is the lowest place? O let me find it, for there my Lord will meet me, and open to me the treasures of his love. Is it not where myself is crucified, where I live not, where pride and self-will are extinguished? O the ground of my own nothing-

ness, is not this where Jesus wants me, and fills me with himself, and *liveth in me*? O let me be a little one, self-crucified, self-annihilated, for then Jehovah is my defense, he will keep me. It is not the will of our Father who is in heaven, that one of these *little ones* should perish. The angels in heaven do always behold the face of my Father; they wait to come with messages of mercy, as their necessities demand. O ye spirits of the blessed, may ye ever find me childlike and waiting on my father's will.—*Guide to Christian Perfection*.

#### PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

CHILDREN are very often chargeable with want of perseverance in attempting to do good, and consequently relax their efforts; when if they held on longer, they might see their wishes accomplished. If we try nineteen times to do a thing, and fail, we cannot be certain that the twentieth will not perfect the object. We remember a story that shows the influence a little girl can exert.

Mary, who was only about eight years old, took a temperance paper, at a temperance meeting, to see how many she could get to sign it. The next morning she presented it to her father, who had been in a drunken frolic for a fortnight, and came home drunk while his daughter was at the temperance meeting the night before. This cruel father raised his hand and struck his child a blow which leveled her on the floor, and said,

"I'll learn you to be saucy to your parents."

The little girl got up and picked up the constitution, which had fallen when she received the blow. She took it with her to school that day, and got the teacher and most of the scholars to sign it. When she had leisure, she would ask her mother, if she might go to such a neighbor's, and see how many could be obtained to join the temperance society.

Her father could not but see what was doing in the neighborhood. For two weeks, he remained at home, and did not use a drop of intoxicating liquor, a thing he had not done for years before. At the end of that period, he said to his daughter,

"Mary, how many names have you on your temperance constitution?"

"I will bring it and see," she replied.

As her father was counting the names, she stood between his knees, and when he had looked them over, he said,

"You have one hundred and fifty."

She jumped up on his knee, threw her little arms around her father's neck, and impressed a sweet kiss on his cheek, and said,

"Do you sign it too, father, and then there will be one hundred and fifty-one."

The old drunkard's heart was melted—his bosom heaved—his bloated, haggard face was wet with tears of contrition—he pressed his Mary to his heart, and said,

"I will sign it;" and at once affixed his name to the constitution and pledge.—*Temperance Advocate*.



Original.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.\*

HISTORY OF "OUR VILLAGE."

THE panorama of our wilderness village melted from our view with our last month's sketch. Yet, as memory has again brought it before us under some of its subsequent phases, we will glance at it once again. Some few years from the date last referred to, its appearance and character were greatly changed. A business-like aspect had taken the place of its picturesque wildness, and the early simplicity of its inhabitants had become lost in the avidity of speculation, and the bustle of incipient enterprise. Houses of brick and frame had risen upon the site of the low-roofed cabin, and wild grass and flowers no longer sprang up under the foot upon the streets they occupied. It had become a shire-town, and a court-house and jail rising from its centre afforded gloomy evidence that crime was already abroad even in our forest land. The community that had seemed like a single family, so closely drawn were the social ties that united it, had, in its extension, lost much of that pleasant relative character. The petty and absurd distinctions of life had crept in to poison the pure currents of friendship and feeling that of erst flowed through it like sweet and healthful waters; and the uniformity of appearance and condition among its members, that had characterized it as a whole, was gone. The artizan and laborer were met upon their paths by those whose dress, air, and manner betokened pretension and conscious superiority. There were now among them the merchant, the lawyer, the professor, the speculator, and the officers of the bank, whose establishment in our village had been matter of no measured gratulation, and which had given it present impulse as the meed, some thought, of prospective ruin. But among these might have been marked faces of far deeper anxiety than any we had seen at the earlier date of our history. There were now among them *men* around whom unsuccessful speculation or enterprise had drawn the heavy and iron chain of debt. We recollect, at a particular season, when one of those re-actions which always follow great excitement in business without a correspondent support, had taken place, having met with a half a dozen of those who were in legal durance—prisoners for debt—having the bounds of the corporation assigned them as the limit of their freedom. From the general want of wealth among the citizens, and the sparseness of the population in the country immediately surrounding them, there was little to justify the emprise into which many adventurous spirits, with narrow capitals, were led by the rapid growth of the place itself. Failures on every hand was the inevitable result. How strongly did the appearance of these men, as with listless and objectless step they now strolled around the environs of the village, contrast with that of the humble and unambitious

laborer who went whistling past them. His dress might have been something poorer, but his step and countenance were cheerful—their look was care-worn, anxious, harassed. They had failed in schemes into which they had thrown their dearest aspirations—his wishes were bounded by the avails of each day's labor; for this was sufficient for the wants of his family, and beyond such supply he had no vain dreams.

There is one of this latter class now fresh in our memory, whom, at the time we speak of, we were led especially to notice, from having accidentally become interested in his family. They were recent emigrants from an eastern state, and were of that class of respectability which habits of industry and of decent pride create among the most indigent. The mother was a pattern of domestic gentleness and quiet order, and her children, as we saw them daily passing and re-passing to our village school, attracted our attention, from the uniform and exceeding neatness of their humble garb. We are now led to speak of them from their association, in our memory, with a portion of our village history, to which we have already alluded—the prevalence of a pestilence that swept off, as with a besom, nearly a fourth of the population. It was in this family it commenced. Just without the environs of the village, and under the shelter of one of the hills embosoming it, was a small cabin, which was their home. Would our reader stroll with us to the field of tall grass that is now waving over the spot in the richness of deep summer, we could point out the very spot; for the blackened hearth-stones around which that father gathered his family at evening might still be found. There were we suddenly summoned to the burial of our neighbor, even before we knew that sickness had entered the dwelling. That exemplary wife, that tender mother was dead! For two or three days we had noticed that the father passed not, as was his wont, to his labor, nor his little ones to their school; and while we yet mused what was the cause the summons came. A fever of three days had for ever darkened that home of peace. The two eldest children lay scorching with the same malignant disease, and all unconscious that the still and shrouded form which lay stretched near them was all that was left of her upon whom, in their childish dependence, and amid the ravings of phrensy, they were momentarily calling. The father stood by them as one paralyzed, turning only from their convulsed faces to look upon that of his dead wife, now, alas! *fixed* in its marble tranquility, and utterly incapable of the least effort. Truly was it a scene of woe. And why was the funeral so scantily attended? Not from the humble position of the departed; for changed somewhat though our villagers might be, they were still, as a community, feelingly alive to the claims of suffering humanity. But *they* were absent whom we have been wont to see especially in the house of mourning. We inquired the cause. Sickness was in *their* families also. What could it mean? It was yet but the close of summer; and though autumnal fevers were common to the newer settlements of the west, we looked

\* Continued from page 236.

not for them thus early. The fever, too, was of a more malignant character than we had formerly experienced. But whatever the cause, whether the result of natural laws, or the immediate visitation of a chastening God, its present threatenings were fearful. It soon became general throughout the village, and the progress of the disease from that hour gradually accelerated, till at last every house in the village had its sufferer, or rather sufferers; for in many cases whole families were stricken down almost simultaneously, and the instance was rare of a *single* victim from a household. The friendly sympathies—the neighborly attentions which in seasons of individual suffering are so readily extended in all small communities, soon ceased to soften the scene of affliction. One by one, they who visited the early sufferers ceased their visits, for they themselves became of the smitten, or their cares were engrossed by the sufferers of their household; and at last every house was as an isolated dwelling—communication had ceased among us!

The disease manifested itself under various aspects. In some instances the victim survived but a few hours, in others the struggle of life and death was long protracted. Some, after lingering for weeks, recovered—others, after partial amendment, were at last taken off by sudden and deadly relapse. The bereaved children, of whom we have spoken, lay long and dangerously ill, but the disease was finally overcome. They were slowly recovering, and the father was driven forth, by the necessities of his family, once more to labor. We can never forget a little scene which we witnessed near that dwelling. We had been confined to the pestilential breath of sick and dying chambers till we were literally gasping for fresh air. We escaped for a brief space from our duties—we took a path that led to the hills, and hurried along it as if our speed would enable us to outstrip the unwelcome reflections that accompanied us. We approached a ravine where a summer streamlet was tumbling in delicious coolness over the rocks, when a childish, but faint and hollow cry, lifted up in continued wailing sounds, struck our ear. A moment after, a small figure appeared upon the verge of the ravine, from which she seemed to have risen, and ran feebly, but with an action of the extremest excitement, toward us. It was one of the children we have mentioned—a little girl of some eleven years old; but we could not have recognized her, had we not been aware of her condition. Had she risen from the grave, her appearance could scarcely have been more unearthly. They only who have witnessed the ghastliest ravages of disease upon human lineaments, can form any conception of that deadly, though childish face, or spectral figure. Her eyes were wild and sunken, her lips and cheek of an ashen paleness. Her hair, which was singularly long and dark, but now all matted and tangled, hung loosely around her shoulders; and her little arms, yellow and emaciated, were thrown up with an expression of passionate anguish, the more impressive that it was unnatural to one of her years. We sprang forward to meet her.

“Fanny! dear child, what is the matter?” “O my sister is crazy!—she will kill herself—she has flung herself down on the rocks in the ravine, and I can’t get her away.” We ran down the bank that descended to the place. The little girl, the younger of the two who had been ill, had been for some days apparently convalescent, so that her father, as has been remarked, had under the pressure of strong need ventured to leave her for the day to the observance of the elder one, the latter being so far recovered as to sit by her bed. But a sudden relapse brought on a paroxysm of the wildest phrensy, which no effort of the poor feeble sister could soothe. The fever gave the child strength; and springing from her burning pillow, she bounded up the ravine, at whose opening the cabin stood, till she reached a spot where the stream, that was nearly hidden below, gushed over the rocks. And there she now lay among them, with her cheek pressed upon their moss—her feet, cut and bleeding with their points, in the stream—her little chest heaving with the hot breath of the disease, and laughing wildly, as we approached her, with the unnatural, but exulting excitement of the hurried powers of life. We lifted her, not without a struggle, in our arms, and carried her back to the cabin. Alas! there was no one there to whose care we could commit her. The elder sister was utterly exhausted, and sunk, like one dying, on the foot of the pallet, where we laid the other. A babe, not two years old, with its little face stained with the tears that had dried upon it, lay asleep on the threshold. Two others near it, of three and five years, with a look of stolid patience, were eating a crust of coarse bread. Could the daughters of luxury have looked upon the scene! We turned back from it to the chambers of sorrow we had left. Our heart had gathered no refreshing. Alas! there was no place for us to turn where there was not woe!

Just without the edge of the village there was a spot yet covered with forest trees, that was marked by some indications of the town boundary. A narrow path led back from it to a cabin, with a small opening, in the edge of the wood. There was something about this dwelling, humble though it was, that contrasted pleasantly with the forest scenery around it. A garden, into which a multitude of flowering shrubs had found their way, was kept with great neatness, while a honey suckle had clambered to the low eaves of the building, and sent at evening its rich cloud of odors out upon the air around it. From this cottage, we saw for several successive days, a young woman walking with a hurried, though evidently feeble step, to the spot we have mentioned; and there was she met by a person whom we had noticed for some months preceding with an especial interest. He was one of those whom the duress of debt limited to the bounds of the village, and the *line* upon which he was met by his wife—for in that relation they stood—was one that he might not pass. We had regarded his position with more than ordinary concern, from having learned that he had become thus enthralled, not by debts personally incurred, but in a matter of surety for another, in whom he had too confi-



dingly trusted. We had an interest in him, too, of an earlier date. These were the young emigrants whom we brought before our readers in another number, and the fears we then expressed for them had been all too truly realized. Nor had the angel of the pestilence now passed their dwelling by. That wife's hurried step, so at variance with the languor of her countenance, had its meaning. She *would* come herself to meet her husband; but she might not linger from the bed-side of her suffering children!

Ah! how fully had our predictions been verified of that once light heart. How greatly had a few years changed her appearance. It was not merely that present affliction had touched it with sadness—a deeper work had been wrought upon it than that of the mere anguish of the hour. The whole character of the countenance was changed. The whole aspect was sunken and heavy and toil-worn. The play of hope and feeling seemed to have passed from it—not by sudden woe, from which the elastic spirit might hereafter spring to its former bias, but from the long and surely effacing wear of bitter discipline. That joyous face! so full of freshness—of hope—of rich expectancy—of glad enthusiasm—of ardent thought! There is no trace left there of the existence of aught of these. Alas for life! how do its rugged influences mold and warp the early character. Yet are they, doubtless, necessary to fit the heart for the operation of that sublime and holy influence, whose breathings upon the soul are of eternal peace—as the fire which seems to scathe the fresh green soil, and the plough-share that tears up its bosom, prepares it for precious seed, and must prelude the blessed dew and sunshine that call forth the germ and ripen the fruit to maturity. Happy, most happy was it for her of whom we speak, if the extinction of her earthly dreams—the utter falling out of the bright visions—the gorgeous hallucinations of her early years, left her heart in its deep desolateness at last accessible to the hopes that are of another world. But we might not at that time withhold from her our compassion, for the “iron that had entered her soul” pierced it harshly. She was passing an ordeal of no common endurance. Even the husband, whose usually unaltered countenance and changeless manner had evidenced the truth of our early impression of his stronger nature, asked for his children, as morning and evening the poor mother came to tell him of their state, in a voice that had lost something of its firmness; and when his wife, with a step faltering with weakness, at last turned back to their home of suffering, he looked after her with an expression (though not a muscle moved) that bespoke anguish. But these interviews of sorrow were interrupted.

There was a morning when the wife came not, and the husband paced that spot of ground with a look he had never before worn. But another messenger at last came. His *children were thought to be dying*, and something further was yet added. What was that line of legal restriction now? The trammels of the law were broken asunder as flax and the father strode

over the disregarded boundary with a step that brought him as it were with a single stride to his dwelling. Did his wife meet him at the door? or at the bed-side of his children? No! She was lying in the same room; but she was unconscious of their state, or of her husband's presence. She was raving in the wildest delirium of the fever—she was unconscious even of the existence of her own new born babe that lay, a thing of scarce perceptible life, beside her.

But why linger over a single scene? Suffering and death were all around us. Within view of the window where we are penning this most inadequate sketch, is a building that was then our village hotel. In every chamber of that building, through the long watches of the night, burnt the flickering taper that betokened the sufferer within. How fearful—how sad was the passing of some of those spirits. Many of them were young men whom the wide arena of western enterprise had lured from the parental home; and no familiar voice, no kindred face now met their wistful gaze or ear when dying. Among them we recollect a young man of that abiding interest of character which genius and talent in youth especially create. He was a member of the bar, and had just entered a career of singular promise and high distinction. He was betrothed to a lovely girl of congenial mind and station, and envy might have looked with a baleful eye upon the morning of brightness that seemed opening before them. But death had marked him for other than the bridal chamber. He was ill but two days. Even she “who was all the world to him” had not been called to his pillow when the summons came. At the hour of midnight he sprang suddenly from his bed, and stood strong and erect upon the floor, calling upon his Maker in a loud voice of unimaginable agony. His watcher took him by the arm—a change came over his features. He was laid back upon his bed without resistance—the conflict was over—the form of youth and beauty and pride was a thing of dust.

In the same row of buildings there was one that, though a private dwelling, had always been open (for at that time we had no public sanctuary) to the worshippers of our faith. There was a small people among us professing Christ, and here had their meetings been most generally held; for it was the dwelling of *one*, of whom we have formerly spoken—him whose first inquiry as he touched our shore had been, “Hath the Lord a people here?” How often had we knelt under that roof as that devoted follower of our Lord poured forth his earnest soul in prayer for the extension of that small and most humble Church. But *whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth*—his hour of earthly trial had come. He had been eminently prospered—he had acquired wealth, and his large and interesting family had grown up around him amid the comforts and privileges of abundance. But of all he possessed, nothing now availed him, but his trust in God. Day after day a small funeral group emerges from that door. Three lovely daughters in the prime of womanhood, and these followed by a brother in the flush and spring-time

of youth, are borne, one after another, to our silent city.

But who was there to take note of the mourner? The horrors of the pestilence were hourly deepening. The mourners themselves had to fulfill the rites of the dead. Mothers laid out their children, and children their parents. The wife wrought her husband's shroud, and the husband himself laid the form that had slept upon his bosom in her coffin. Yet were there woes bitterer, perhaps, in the endurance, than even these; though, except by those who have felt the *might of need*, its agonies may not be understood. In our devoted village there were some dying of want! Many a family among us were dependent for the supply of their immediate necessities upon the daily labor of their head, and the blow which deprived them of this resource left them utterly destitute. There were children who lifted up their little hands, at the bed-side of their parents, vainly for bread; and parents who watched over their families, night after night, without the sustenance necessary to support them under their painful vigils. In many instances, too, where the disease itself yielded to medical skill, or the mastery of nature, (I should rather, perhaps, have said, where a mightier than death staid his power,) the convalescent sufferer awoke from the torpor or madness of fever, to experience the consciousness of the keen gnawings of protracted and terrible want.

But amid these scenes of heart-rending trial, we became yet more sadly schooled in the appalling philosophy of human depravity. We had read that in those fearful visitations of the plague, which almost depopulated the thronged cities of the older world, at a season when it would seem that madness itself must have paused before the dreadful chastisements of Him who had "loosed the seals of the pestilence," there were those who abandoned themselves to every excess of licentiousness and mirth. Yet had our utmost credulity accorded but slow belief to the proof such fact afforded of the possible grossness of that nature which in its better attributes is "allied to angels." But even in our small and simple village, and amid scenes that, however deeply and darkly colored, necessarily afforded but slight parallel to the horrors of those cities of the plague; yet were we taught, from what we did witness, a most fearful lore. We learned how revoltingly callous the human soul *might* become to the deep rebukings of an offended God, and amid the most terrible manifestations of his chastening power. In the later stages of the disease, the awful sense of the calamitous visitation, which had for a time prevailed, gave gradual place to a spirit of strange and even profane recklessness. They who ministered to the sick—not from kindred claims, or those of duty, but from the hope of reward, indulged in frequent and unhallowed excesses, and the light jest and the heartless remark were heard in the very chambers of death. "Are you seeking some one to lay you out?"—"Are you going to bespeak your coffin?" Such were the remarks which, in allusion to the ghastliness of their appearance, were addressed to those, who, for

the first time, went forth from their chambers of suffering. One was borne to his grave by bearers who staggered—not under the weight of their burden, but with the unholy draught they had swallowed ere they "took up their mortal load." Nor did they finish their task! Upon the verge of the yet unfilled grave, into which—not without many an awkward effort—they had at last lowered the unchiding dead, they poured off the remainder of the flask they had brought with them to cheer their labors. And then, unable to fling their kindred dust upon the poor remains, they left them to the dews of night that were already falling, and returned to the village in all the revolting merriment of inebriate carousal.

But let me be just. If, amid the revealings of nature, to which a season so calculated to destroy conventional restraints necessarily led, there was many a trait from which memory recoils, there were also those upon which it dwells with delight. Many an instance was there of active benevolence—of unguerdoned vigils—of generous self-abandonment—and of the faithfulness of friendship unto death. Though the common offices of neighborly kindness, as has been remarked, were for a season suspended, yet it was but for a season. The deep sufferings of want and destitution that followed it, were only unheeded where, for the time, they were unknown. There were those who testified their faith in our Lord, by ministering to the needy, and those who were a hungered. Then, too, did we witness the fulfillment of the promise of Him who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me." From several large families in circumstances of absolute penury, both parents were swept as by a single stroke. Yet were not these orphans in a single instance left unprovided for. A way was opened out for them. Does the unbeliever regard it as a circumstance of chance?—those numerous little ones whose helplessness drew heavily, even upon the now sealed fountain of paternal love—without claims of kindred—without those attractions which, in the home of wealth, childhood derives from the fostering hand of care and culture, in a world essentially cold and selfish and full of cares; yet was a way opened for their support—not the stinted and humbling allowance of county charity, but for their being reared with kindness, with watchfulness, and with respectability. To the feeling reader, who, from an interest in all the children of sorrow, may wish to hear something further of those we have individualized, we would add, that *the little girls of the ravine*, (if that be not a term too much savoring the phraseology of fiction,) were among these *doubly* bereaved orphans. The tender father who had seemed so illy spared from his motherless little ones, for the labor necessary to procure them bread, was in a few weeks after the scene alluded to, called to leave them, to return no more. His labor and his paternal cares alike ceased, and he slept by *her* side, whom he had so deeply deplored. The stricken flock was scattered, yet were they all provided with homes of comfort and decency. That of the elder of the little girls was *more*. It was a home of affluence—of careful instruction—of



estimable example—of sheltering tenderness, and enduring and steadfast affection. But we may individualize no further. Our village history has been insensibly drawn out far beyond our purpose. Yet have we *later* scenes still to depict. We may not pass over them, though it is here we feel how all-inadequate is our pencil.

If there are any among our readers, to whom the cup of suffering has been sanctified to the healing of their soul's deepest malady, they will, perchance, have mentally inquired ere this, whether this season of unwonted calamity were followed by no general awakening to the interests of that world, where sorrow and death are not. And truly, to the dim eye of reason, the obduracy of the nature that could resist the deep rebuke of the commissioned pestilence, would seem unfathomable. But we recognize in this, the overruling delay of that mysterious, but questionless wisdom, which still deadened the ear of the oppressor of Israel, to the deep cry that went up from his smitten land. Not through the ministry of gloom and terror, though sent upon us as tokens of his chastening power—not in the season of dread excitement and fainting dismay, was it the will of Jehovah to make himself clearly revealed to us. In the season of subsequent prosperity, in the protracted hour of calm and sunshine, in the supineness of gay security, but in the possession of all *its* functions, was the secret soul at last shaken by the small still voice, that bespoke the awful presence of Him, who can alone behold its depths. And then might the stranger in *our village*, have stood still and beheld the salvation of the Lord. Incomprehensible and unutterable power of redeeming love! how was it manifested in its utmost fullness, to the needy dwellers of our at last awakened village! There, where instead of prayer, the frequent strain of pleasure came upon the ear—where the things of time seemed the sole object of general desire, and the deep poison of infidelity was infused through many a heart—there at last were heard the loud wrestlings of the men of God, agonizing for a people suddenly aghast with the sense of sin, and moved like waves in a tempest, by the power of the Spirit. For many days, the stranger among us would have vainly sought for a public door open to his entrance, save those of the sanctuary, which had been but recently erected. The stores and shops were all shut. Not a stroke of the anvil or hammer was heard. Not a sound from the haunts of traffic or of pleasure. Not a voice even in the street, save at those hours when its eager throngs were pressing to the house of the Lord. It was a long continuous Sabbath. Day after day came and went, and still that protracted assembling for worship was prolonged. On the early air of morning, at the hour of noon, amid the stillness of evening, the sound of prayer and praise, the cry of the suppliant, and the strong and assured voice of faith and trust went up from that temple. And yet the interest deepens! They who have expostulated from the pulpit, and ministered at the altar, have become exhausted. They cry for help. From the Churches of a neighboring city

their mightiest intellect, their strongest laborers are summoned. They come to assist in the harvest. Our very temple seems shaken with their power. The aisle no longer affords a foot of space. It is filled with those who make haste to the altar. They are of the old or the middle-aged—of the poor, the humble, the stricken, and the sorrowful—yes! yes! and of the low, the ignorant, the contemned, the vile, and the debased; for all these have been *bought with a price*, and they are now called that their names may be enrolled on the book of ransom; but with these are the young, the gay, the distinguished, the wealthy, the talented, and the proud. All are alike thronging to the foot of the altar, and prostrating themselves in the dust, as mourners for the sins that have crucified their Lord.

Within the precincts of the village, there is a small settlement of foreigners, from the land of the Alps and the vine. They brought with them the customs, the gayeties, and the *religion* of their forefathers. They have been strangers to the peculiar doctrines of our fervid and simple faith. National preferences and habits have kept them measurably isolated and apart from those around them. But they, too, are among the crowd. In more than one *foreign* accent, we hear the inquiry, "Which is the way to Jesus." Their way is led by one whom we mark with peculiar interest. It is one whom we have long known. She has been the daughter of sorrow. United after a long betrothal, to one worthy of all her woman's trust—a native of her own still beloved country, young, gifted, amiable, and chivalric—she was early widowed by a stroke of terrible bereavement. Mid a festal hour, the discharge of a field-piece at an unguarded moment, closed for ever the career that had opened so brightly, and left the young and thrice happy wife, a blighted and stricken being.

But upon that face, where the seal of hopeless sorrow has been so long set, there is a new expression. A deeper than earthly interest has been stirred in her soul. Holier and stronger affections than those subject to death, are awakening in her heart a peace that shall give a new coloring to the whole sad world around her, and is already settling on her pale brow. More than one of her own country are kneeling beside her—the fetters of early prejudice are dissolved. The *witness* in their hearts attests the simplicity and lowliness of the religion of Jesus. The triumph of the little church, whose corner-stone was so many years since laid in our wilderness village, is at last arrived. The prayers that went up for it in that lowly cabin, where its first convert knelt, have been finally heard. Why do they cease to press to the altar? Why is the call of invitation at last disregarded? The fold is gathered in—the warfare is accomplished. In all our village, there is scarcely one who has not named the name of Jesus. Peace, be still, to all! and the steadfast faith that brightens to the perfect day. Within our view, and beautiful in the quiet moonlight that is now flooding through our window, rises the simple, but neat church where, but a few seasons since, we beheld them rejoicing with that exceeding joy for which earth has no language. We

gaze upon the now silent and empty temple, and the whole scene is again before us. We seem again to hear the glad hymn of redeeming love rising in the rich swell of a hundred voices, and floating away to the distant heaven. But it is only the voiceless hymn of the stars, as they wheel on in their eternal round, that is now upon the night. The earth is at rest and we may no longer indulge the retrospect of the past.



Original.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

ANOTHER spirit flame,  
Whose heavenly rays illumed time's waning night,  
Hath vanished in its splendor from our sight.  
Through nature's solemn fane  
Rings a funeral anthem. Dust is spread  
On pallid lip, hushed breast and honored head;  
And o'er his grave affection's tears are shed,  
E'en as the golden rain,  
Which from their azure homes, the stars poured forth  
When Eden's glory vanished from the earth.

Another sounding lyre  
Is hushed, stately measures through the soul,  
In waves of melody were wont to roll;  
And one whose lips with fire  
Had been annoint' from heaven's high altar brought,  
Who pierced the vast unseen with fearless thought,  
Whose lays were with an inspiration fraught,  
Laying the frail attire  
Of sad humanity in peace aside,  
Lulled by his own sweet, echoing strains hath died.

Another gentle heart  
Who gave to pain and woe the pitying sigh,  
The "sweet, sad music of humanity,"  
Who chose the better part,  
And kept "the whiteness of his soul," and strove  
To lead the life which angels lead above,  
And freely poured o'er all exhaustless love,  
Hath chosen to depart,  
Drawn his white mantle round his stainless breast,  
And angel-guided reached eternal rest.

The glorious dead of old,  
The unforgotten ones of every land,  
Welcome the mighty minstrel to their band.  
On thrones of sunny gold  
Inlaid with living diamond, they recline,  
Prophet and bard and sage, a wondrous line,  
Whose deeds and lays have triumphed over time,  
A grand and starry fold,  
And round his brow they twine with loud acclaim  
The ever-living asphodels of fame.

The fadeless diadem  
Which lights the heaven of the world to come,  
The spirit birth-place, and the spirit home,

Hath now another gem.

And while he dwells within that blissful clime,  
His matchless lays through all succeeding time,  
Will in sweet cadence, wondrous and sublime,

Speak to all living men.  
And still ring on until the strains will be  
Whelmed in the anthem of eternity!



Original.

THE SYRIAN BRIDE.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

FRAGRANCE is borne on the balmy air,  
Music, soft music is floating there,—  
A bride goes forth from her early home,  
By another's side henceforth to roam;  
She leaves the scenes of her girlhood's hours,  
She quits a path which was strewn with flow'rs,  
She looks her last on the blossoms wild,  
She gayly plucked when a sportive child—  
They will still perfume the evening air,  
But she who breathed it will not "be there."  
Her sunny skies and her native streams,  
Perchance may blend in her distant dreams—  
But never again those streams along  
Shall echo that maiden's joyous song.  
She'll muse in the forest glade no more,  
Nor tend the vine by her mother's door.  
Some other eye must watch the bloom  
Of the rose which waves o'er her father's tomb,  
She hath chosen her lot for woe or weal—  
To the stranger's pledge she hath set her seal,  
In a far off land is content to dwell,  
And bid to the friends of her youth, farewell.  
Her mother's mild voice allures in vain,  
Hope throws around her a witching chain,  
Her brothers too, with their accents kind,  
And their zealous care, she must leave behind,  
Another's arm now her shield must prove—  
Alas! will she miss her childhood's love?  
But a lofty faith hath her heart possess'd,  
A vision of rapture fills her breast  
With a spirit firm, though a tearful brow,  
She leaves a home which was *all*, till now.  
Her mother hath blest her, her brothers approve,  
And that maiden is strong in her promised love.



EVENING PRAYER.

COMPOSED BY F— C. H—, AT THE AGE OF TEN YEARS.

SAVIOR, now the day is o'er,  
On a child thy blessing pour;  
Wash me in thy dying blood—  
Pardon, Lord, and make me good.

Let my heart lean on thy breast,  
While in sleep I sweetly rest;  
On me keep thy watchful eye,  
Lest I suffer, faint, or die.



Original.

## SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITS OF WOMAN.\*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

REBEKAH.

IN the patriarchal ages, a particular providence was rather a demonstration than a belief. From the moment when our first progenitors went forth in exile from their forfeited Eden, darkness and the shadow of death overspread the land. But amidst the general gloom which encircled its thickening population, one track of light was visible, and continued uninvaded and unobscured, although but few individuals of each succeeding generation seem to have walked therein. This light was kindled from that brief, but significant denunciation of our Creator against the tempter of earth's first proprietors, "The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head," and beamed through the portals of Eden to gild their lonely way. We may call it the light of a particular providence, by which I mean, the controlling and superintending guardianship of God, directing, appointing, permitting or overruling individual destiny. Noah's steps were illumined by it. It was shed upon Abraham's, and continued along the line of his posterity down to the institution of the Jewish economy, when it received additional brightness and fullness from law, system and embodiment. That a particular providence still determines the bounds of our habitation, and rules the lot of every living being, is as much a reality at this period of time as it was five thousand years ago, but it is less palpably apparent to our senses. In perusing the inspired history of those who figure in Scriptural annals, I have often paused thoughtfully, and almost envyingly, over the biography of Rebekah. She was indeed peculiarly favored in the clearness and explicitness of the revelation she received relative to her own especial course. Behold her in the performance of her daily avocation, according to the simplicity of that primitive age, approaching the well to draw water at the evening hour. We would fain inquire of the thoughts which swayed her bosom at the moment, and whether a shadow from the brilliant destiny that awaited her, flitted across her fancy as she stood upon its verge. I have frequently desired to know something of the musings of the human soul just before some important transition had passed upon its emotions, or some never to be forgotten era had been attained in its existence. Who has not vainly sought to recall his own vanished imaginings on the eve of an event which has given a new coloring to his fate? Such knowledge would be an invaluable acquisition in the philosophy of mind. But the few broken fragments of disjointed thought our memories can furnish, are but questionable prophecies, and probably the Syrian maiden's retrospective glance could have detected no heralding promise of any unusual incident in the meditations that beguiled her walk. A stranger advances and respectfully asks the favor of her pitcher to satisfy his

thirst after a wearisome journey through the dusty regions of that sultry clime. Little could she conjecture that the exhausted traveler was the ambassador of a "mighty prince," seeking a bride for the heir of his wealthy lord: but with ready politeness she grants the request, and proffers her services to water his tired camels also. Charmed by the high breeding and kindness of her demeanor, he ventures to tax her courtesy yet farther, and inquires if he and his suit can find the accommodation of lodgment in her father's house. Her willing hospitality promises more than is solicited: "We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in." And as if in confirmation of the readiness of her family to entertain strangers, she prefaces the assurance with the announcement of her father's name. Doubtless the old man was proverbial for his generosity, and many a way-faring pilgrim had rested beneath his roof. Rebekah then hastens home to prepare her friends for his coming; but the faithful steward of Abraham suffered her not to depart until he had informed her by whom he was employed, and presented a pledge of the truth of his declaration. Perhaps that pledge was needed to insure him a gracious reception from Rebekah's elder brother, Laban, who appears to have been at that period, the head of the family, as we infer from the mention of her "mother's house," verse 28th of 24th chapter of Genesis, in connection with the 55th verse, and the silence of the historian respecting her father. The latter must have been gathered to his ancestors, and the Bethuel of the 50th verse, spoken of after Laban, must have been his younger son. We learn from the 30th verse that the jewels with which the stranger had decorated his sister, influenced the deportment of Laban toward his guest, so that our suspicion is plausible. And had Abraham's judicious messenger been a modern diplomatist he could not have plied Rebekah's covetous brother with more appropriate motives than those he afterward used to induce a compliance with his wishes: "The Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he has become great: and he hath given him flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and camels, and asses. And Sarah, my master's wife, bare a son to my master when she was old; and unto him hath he given all that he hath." With this imposing detail of the affluence of the young heir, he introduced the purport of his mission, and described the circumstances of his meeting with Rebekah. The interposition of Providence was so evident that we fully concur with the comment of the brothers: "The thing proceedeth from the Lord;" and we do not hesitate to approve the decision of Rebekah, when in the contest of their several opinions the ultimate appeal was made to her judgment. Brief and few were the words that told that decision: "I will go;" yet they contained her destiny! Perchance the feelings struggling at her heart forbade an added syllable. And surely such a positive conviction as was granted her of her Maker's will concerning her was requisite to sustain her in that delicate and trying resolve. She was to leave the mother who had watched over

\* Continued from page 232.

her childhood—the playmates of her early years—the home of her happy youth—the grave of her father—the countless associations of her whole life! Often indeed since that hour, has human love renounced the same, and gone forth in the strength of its own kindling upon a new and untrodden pathway. But there was no such emotion stirring in the bosom of Isaac's future wife. That overmastering and engrossing sentiment which holds such lordly and mysterious ascendancy over the spirit it has once subdued, had yet no actual existence in the heart of Rebekah. Love was with her but a shadowy vision—an impalpable influence, haunting her imagination, but leaving her affections free. It may be that her girlish fancy invested the son of Abraham with the attributes she had hitherto ascribed to the ideal personification of her radiant dreams, but such a vague conception could not have influenced her decision. The unwavering assurance that God directed her course and required her acquiescence with his providential arrangements, must have been the sole motive that determined her. I have painted her to my vision pursuing her journey to the "south country," and conjectured the varied feelings which must have swept her spirit's chords, and lent their changeful hues to her cheeks. As they approach the well of Lahai-roi, a solitary pedestrian meets her eye. Probably her heart divined his identity with the subject of her thoughts, and beat more quickly as she preferred the inquiry, "Who is he?" Our interest in her destiny increases up to this moment; we pause anxiously over the brief announcement that the steward "told Isaac all that he had done," and with a sense of gratification and delight read in the sequel that "Isaac loved her." I have pictured him conducting her to the tent of his mother, pointing out the various articles her hand had fashioned, dwelling upon the tokens of her maternal regard, and the loneliness of his life since she had died, while Rebekah's attention and sensibility evinced her appreciation of his emotions. And while they thus communed, although the theme was linked with sadness, their first agreeable impressions of each other deepened. She loved him for his tenderness and filial devotion to the departed's memory—he loved her because she sympathized with him. He was comforted from the death he had deplored; she resolved to copy the virtues which had won his affection. Without the 63d verse the history of Rebekah would have been incomplete. The particular providence which guided her in the circumstances of her marriage, continued to direct her after she became a wife; as the reward, no doubt, of her piety, for we are informed, in the hour of perplexity she "went to inquire of the Lord." The revelation granted her of the future greatness of her children, and the dominion of the younger over the elder, probably influenced her preference of Jacob above his brother; but I have also thought that preference might have resulted from his domestic habits, associating him more closely with herself. While Esau loved field sports, Jacob dwelt in tents with his mother. The subsequent deception she practiced or caused her son to practice

on his father, has always been a mystery to my mind. I cannot believe, as some commentators have suggested, that a divine command directed her conduct. It is not likely that a subject of a moral government would be ordered to infringe its laws by the Framer of those laws. Rebekah appears to have mistaken the import of the prophecy concerning her offspring, and referred it to her two sons personally, instead of the nations they represented. The contempt manifested by Esau for his birth-right, and its transfer to Jacob, favored her opinion; and when she saw her husband about to cross, as she imagined, the designs of Providence, her anxiety to secure the covenant blessing to her favorite child, dictated the reprehensible course she pursued. The disapprobation of Heaven may be traced in the varied sorrows of Jacob's checkered career. There is a considerable degree of self-determination evident in the character of Rebekah; and her actions were as prompt as her resolves were firm. We perceive this in the very commencement of our acquaintance with her, and it distinguishes her throughout her history. Having devised her plan of dissimulation relative to her husband, she met the objections of her son calmly and steadily, and assumed the entire responsibility of the deed she counseled, and afterward, when informed of the hostile purpose of Esau toward the brother who had robbed him of his father's blessing, she quickly decided on the means of preventing the impending evil, admonished her son of the course he must pursue, and engaged to obtain the consent of his father. How natural is the appeal she makes to her husband to induce his concurrence: "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?" Esau had espoused two of this heathen race, and this, we are told, in the touching language of the Bible, "was a grief of mind to Isaac and Rebekah." Yet truthful as were the words of Rebekah, we feel that she was not wholly sincere in urging them as a plea to gain her object. Her principal reason for desiring the departure of Jacob to Syria, was her fear of Esau's vengeance. One step in deception generally leads to another. Jacob bids farewell to his father's house and journeys to Padan-aram, and from that time we have no farther account of his mother, except the simple and incidental remark, that she was buried in the cave of Machpelah, uttered by her son many years after. We have no reason to believe that she ever looked on him again, but we doubt not her imagination often hovered round him in his distant servitude, and if she received any intimation of the harsh treatment bestowed on him by the brother from whom she had been so long separated, she must frequently have wept regretful tears over the fraud that caused his banishment from the home of his infancy.

THE hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.



Original.

## NATURE'S WORSHIPER.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

SPRING's early zephyrs wanton'd 'mid the flow'rs,  
 Birds sang their sweetest notes, and far away  
 The streamlet's murmur and the torrent's rush  
 By distance softened, made sweet melody.  
 The wind's soft sigh, and gentle hum of bees  
 Came floating by in tones as sweet as dreams,  
 While earth, and air, and sky, thrill'd each glad sense,  
 For beauty mov'd in all.

But there was one  
 With heart attun'd to minstrelsy like this,  
 Whose eye of genius told, where now though dim  
 Struggled the fires of fancy and romance,  
 And all imagination's fairy train—  
 The bright, sublime, the forms which beauty wears  
 In him all mingled, in him sought a home,  
 And seeking found a kingdom, for they rul'd.  
 Yet he was sad! O why dwelt sadness there?  
 With him 'twas but life's morn, but on his brow  
 Disease wrote plainly that his sun would set,  
 Youth's hopes be crush'd, life's flow'rs fade e'er they  
 bloom'd—

That all he wish'd would vanish.  
 Strange thoughts came o'er him; vision-like they seem'd,  
 Like happy dwellers in a sinless land;  
 Yet they were truthful, shading brightly forth  
 The glowing beings of a lofty mind.  
 Childhood return'd again, each early scene  
 Grav'd deep on mem'ry's page throng'd near,  
 Remember'd voices, and familiar looks,  
 Which make the past, the present, all were there.  
 Hopes cherish'd came again, came to depart,  
 To show that life is but a mockery.  
 He felt that he must die, yet life seem'd sweet,  
 Its hues were bright and life-like, but his heart  
 Was full, and on his brow, death's seal was plac'd;  
 He felt that he must leave all those he lov'd,  
 And bid to earthly scenes a last farewell.  
 Thought reign'd again supreme; where was the past?  
 'Twas all forgot, the present too was hid,  
 By the bright lustre which now seem'd to gleam  
 From out the shades of dim futurity.  
 All that he lov'd was there, and all that thought  
 Or fancy, in her wildest flight conceiv'd,  
 Of angels' songs, of deep unearthly beauty  
 Which ut'rance seeks in song—all, all was there—  
 All that he hoped or wish'd.

He now could die—  
 Earth had no forms like those which lured him on,  
 Tempting his spirit soon to join their flight.  
 He look'd again to yon blue sky above,  
 To earth in all its beauty at his feet.  
 Its charms were fading to his closing eye,  
 Far brighter scenes were urging him away.  
 He bar'd his brow to the soft breath of spring  
 And thus in song pour'd forth his last farewell.

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Again I feel the breath of spring  
 Bathing my fever'd brow—  
 I hear the waters murmuring  
 In tones so soft and low—  
 I breathe again the balmy air  
 Perfum'd with odors sweet.  
 Again I see these vallies fair  
 In beauty at my feet,  
 Nought on the face of nature now  
 Bears traces of decay;  
 But death upon my pallid brow  
 Has written, "Come away."  
 Yon rill's faint dying murmur seems  
 A warning spirit's cry,  
 Soft even as the voice of dreams  
 It tells me I must die.  
 How can I die? creations bright  
 Are rushing through my breast!  
 Such thoughts of loveliness and light  
 That cannot, will not, rest  
 When mem'ry's scenes for ever new  
 Come stealing gladly by.  
 When all hope whisper'd seems in view,  
 How hard it is to die;  
 Yet O what rapt'rous sounds I hear,  
 Come bursting o'er my heart—  
 Like voices from another sphere  
 They urge me to depart.  
 The strain is faint, and fainter yet  
 The dying echoes float—  
 With death's cold damp my brow is wet  
 And still I hear each note—  
 They stir pure thoughts within the deep  
 Recesses of the heart,  
 And in the silent grave to sleep  
 I gladly would depart.  
 'Tis past, he murmur'd low, 'tis past,  
 And rais'd his dying eye—  
 It clos'd—his spirit sought at last  
 Its native home—the sky.

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

UPON thy cheek in beauty's glow  
 May bloom the blushing rose,  
 And thy young eye in flashing light,  
 The diamond may disclose.  
 But soon the hue of health will die  
 On that fair cheek of thine,  
 Soon death will quench in that bright eye  
 The flashing light *divine*.  
 Fly to the Savior; and his might,  
 Who rear'd and deck'd thy form,  
 And suffered death for one dark night,  
 To yield it to the worm,—  
 Shall rouse again, its slumbering dust,  
 Restore immortal grace,  
 To dwell for ever with the just  
 Before his Father's face.

Original.

## THE AGED.

It is not simply filial duty, which would imply respect and regard, and the performance of all the common duties of a child to a parent—it is not this alone which we would bespeak for our subject. Beyond this, we would inculcate the beauty and the holiness of such a course of tenderness and respect and untiring vigilance, toward the aged parent, as would place the affection now returned by the son or the daughter, somewhat on a par with that which was formerly bestowed upon themselves, by the now feeble and failing hands of the aged parent. In the mutual relations of life, as it regards the social or the family compact, no one perhaps is so little recognized by public censure, or by morality, or by feeling, as is a defalcation in this.

It were trite to observe, that reverence to parents is a relation which is sustained by all civilization. It is even, *therefore*, perhaps, that it is taken for granted. The sentiment is also known to the rudest forms of barbarism; even the absolute savage, with little exception, acknowledges a gratitude to the hand which has reared and cherished his infancy. The sentiment is of nature. We do not intend to say that there is often any very gross violation in this matter. We all know the clause of Scripture and the *promise* which accords length of days, and sustenance, and the blessing of Heaven upon him who “honors father and mother.” That there should be any departure from a law so enforced and so commended, would seem matter of surprise, if we were not in all things prone to depart from our duties, and to wander from the “good way,” by the perverseness of an untoward heart. And the surprise would seem still greater that there should seem any disposition to violate the bond of affection so sedulously woven year after year, by acts, and words, and deeds of kindness! Yet, here it is—we must make the abasing confession—here it is, that the aggression originates! The disregard of the superannuated parent (where it does exist) is not so much a deliberate vice, as it is a thoughtless and wanton neglect. It is in fact that lapse of virtue which originated in, and has been constantly abetted by the disproportioned and overweening indulgence of the parent toward the child or the grand-child, in its days of infancy to more mature life. In the latter instance the dotages of time tend greatly to aggravate the evil to both parties. That this is the case, we may infer, from all the varieties of disposition on which similarity of treatment has produced this identical result.

Would we go then to assert that most persons mistreat their parents when old? We do not speak of *most* persons, but only *some* persons; and they, be they whom they may, make up the precise number spoken of. For our subject itself, we do not like to be specific, or to enforce a censure like this, in words that offend and perhaps hinder of their own intention. We prefer to leave the thing to the contemplation and the candor of the reader. Let each of us then consider the subject, and take in review the cases known to us so

well as to warrant a decision. Let that decision be a mental one—a tacit one; and of all things let it be a charitable one, lest where we might suggest hints of amelioration and reform, we should only provoke judgment upon the “impertinence and intermeddling” of the attempt. No personality is here intended or supposed. But we claim the right to dissertate abstractedly upon a subject of morals, taking it in the general; yet aware that a practical view throws it into particulars. And all that the apology is intended to signify is, that whilst we claim the unalienable right of opinion, we disclaim the impertinence of interfering in family matters, the cases being not often so flagrant as to overrule this punctilio of decency.

But “what,” say you, “are the circumstances by which this want of respect is manifested?” Generally the instances are minute and trifling in themselves; yet, being of continual recurrence, they swell to an aggregate both serious and improper, placing the elder in a subordinated position, which accords not with the reverence which age and seniority should command from its juniors.

For instance, a widowed mother or father not unfrequently resorts to the house of a married child, there to reside. And it is mostly from this point of view that we would look at the subject. Will the remark here be pressed upon us, “Do you intend to say that the master or the mistress shall give place in their own house, exalting a parent, themselves being subordinate?” We answer, “No, it is no question of honor, nor of place, nor of subordination, nor of abasement, for which we contend; but only the observance of that law of kindness and evangelical courtesy which gives place, preferring others.” From the truly pious we fear no misapprehension. Very lately, in reading the life of a young man devoted to a foreign mission, we were struck by a remark. He writes to a friend in whose care he leaves his mother, “Please indulge her in *spoon victuals* as often as is convenient, for she is old.” The expression, however homely, is ennobled by the sentiment, and this passing sketch spoke more than volumes could have done for the kindness and filial piety of the son.

Such little observances, not ceremonial, of place and precedence, as are suitable to offer to the aged, are very pleasant to notice. How gracious an act is it to see the grand-son or the grand-daughter sustaining the steps of the grand-parent on the Sabbath, marshaling to the pew; or assisting on the few occasions in which the aged frequent public assemblies. In the parlor, at the table, by deference in conversation, and upon manifold occasions, can the consideration of which we speak be fitly shown. How cheering, even to the beholder is it, to see the juniors of a family delight sometimes to take the aged grand-parent a ride—not a solitary ride, shut up in a carriage and left to the care of a servant, but as being made one of the company, in a social, rational, joyous morning excursion; where the outward elements administer to the happiness of the time and hour. Any thing of this sort is noticeable and commendable, and the families in which these acts of consideration are



performed, are altogether better regarded as a family, than those which are remiss. Yet our observation is not intended as a motive; the affection and good feeling which give rise to such a conduct, leave external views at a vast distance behind them.

Instances there are, where juniors look with eyes of anticipation upon the *property* of an aged relative. And where this is the case—and a heinous offense it is—we should almost say that the individual were more happy in a state of destitution, than living amidst those who harbor such a sentiment. Yet the aged, however sheltered, are always better served while retaining some property in their own right, than they ever are, having alienated it. It is an unfeeling requisition to desire them, however old, to pass the whole of their property before they naturally relinquish it. And ill befall the heir that hankers after it—not by our denunciation—but by the irreversible issue of its own law; for, “Who-so covets,” &c.

It is often imputed that age is morose and peevish, too often. The aged are many times so much *overlooked*, in the multiplicity of interests which engage a numerous family, that they are cut off from almost every source of association, and, excepting that they participate at the table, they are hardly to be seen. In some houses, even fire-side privileges are denied to them; a remote chamber, perhaps, being assigned as a suitable retirement, the idea or the admission acted upon that the old are no longer social beings—all the circumstances being calculated to prove the assertion. The depressing influence of neglect, no doubt works much unhappiness to the aged, tending to make them essentially *older* than needs be. “What have the old to do with company,” says the sanctimonious wiseacre, “let them read their Bibles and be comforted; what more would they have?” Certainly, let them read their Bibles, and they will be comforted. Even there it is said that “the face of a friend maketh glad.” And whilst they are yet alive they may without impropriety demand some participation for the sympathies of the heart, for conversation, and for the consideration and the humanities of life. Every civilized country, we are told, surpasses our own in the respect paid to the aged. Of course, therefore, in every other country are the aged more happy than in ours. But why should it be so? Surely to respect and love our own parents requires no superior effort. And where it is not so, the fault originates generally in carelessness and neglect, and an unrecking conformity to a bad, vulgar custom: the foolishness of disregarding persons because they are *old*, rather, in most cases, than for any deteriorating circumstances of age. The French are esteemed by us as a people of shallow sentiment and factitious sensibilities; yet how pleasing is it to witness the affectionate respect which they pay to their elders, embodied occasionally in observances which serve to impress and to perpetuate the sentiment. Such, for instance, as the noticing the birth-day anniversaries of their parents. Sometimes it is a little *fete* where all the children, grand-children, and other young persons attend, and

the sexagenarian, or may be the octagenarian presides. At other times it is less public—confined to the inmates of a house; but never forgotten. Some severe or sordid caviller replies that the old “should have other ideas than those of festivity and showing out.” But we disclaim this view of the subject. The sentiment which it betokens is a deeply seated one, and one which fosters mutually a pure principle of affection. On the part of the aged, what axiom of morality, what rule of religion requires of them to relinquish the sentiments of humanity and of kindred, whilst they abide yet in life? Is a course of piety best sustained as emanating from a heart satisfied and at ease in its sympathies, or by a spirit rendered callous and moody and depressed by mortification and denial? We are instructed in Scripture that there is sin and defalcation of duty in “hiding our talent.” But to the aged who suffer neglect in the way signified, this condition is as it were suborned upon them. For no doubt those who live too much alone (and this sometimes happens amidst a house full of people) suffer, naturally and imperceptibly, a falling away of activity and ability; for the disuse is the abuse of character. For what, was the social instinct so strongly inwoven with all our sentiments, but to evolve and exercise them? But if there is a cutting off of all opportunity for their exercise, they must perish, oppressing the heart they were intended to dilate and to strengthen.

This is a sad picture, and by no means so uncommon as a cursory view might lead us to suppose. Yet let us not be mistaken as charging any very gross violation of duty in the case generally. Mostly the aged of our country, if unhappily destitute of property, are made comfortable as regards their physical and personal wants. They are fed, and clothed, and sheltered; yet even in these particulars there may be a vast amount of difference to the recipient in the manner in which they are rendered. We need not explain the etceteras, which a little reflection will readily suggest to the reader. It is often, as we have said, that a want of reflection and a conformity to what is customary, abets this evil, even with many who are good natured enough to wish it otherwise, if they “had only thought of it.” They believe that what is acquiesced in is always right. Alas! custom has an iron sway over the oppressed in every form where it exists—a matter to be righted at another audit.

We stated in the beginning that it were desirable that the attention and regard bestowed upon us in infancy should now make a corresponding return to our aged parents! “But this,” says one, “is not required of us! Nature has dictated the former duty in a way not to be disputed: whereas, she has left the latter more to our own choice and discretion; and the two cases bear no comparison in the argument or the duty!” It is true that nature hath made the fostering of our young a matter of necessity; and that the heart of the mother yearns in fondness over her child. It is true that the impulse of affection is not so irresistible in the other instance as in this. But shall we infer from thence that no duty is violated when we suffer the aged parent,

now, perhaps, in second childhood, to move about us unregarded and uncared for?

After all it is very much in the way of stating this question, as to what we shall make of it—that is, ostensibly. And the most we can say is, that she who neglects her child commits an unnatural sin; and she that neglects her parent commits comparatively a natural one! Much is sometimes said about the “heart’s being in the right place;” but the heart is never in the right place unless it is in keeping of God. It must not only feel, but it must act. And it is from thence that “the rule of discretion” which has been accorded us, is of doubtful authority in the case. We are not to account of our emotions in opposition to principles. Obedience to the laws of God is the rule of our duty; and if our discretion reach not this rule, neither will it cover our responsibility. We are told truly, that we have no merit of our own; for the moment that we attempt it, we blunder upon our humanity. A simpler rule, the rule of *obedience*, hath been given us; and this places the most arrogant upon a level with the humblest; yet all is safe and right. And so let us “honor our father and our mother; that our days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

Original.

## DEATH AND LIFE.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

“Dust unto dust.” And nature all pale,  
Trembles while hearing man’s guilty story:  
I hear the moan of her bitter wail—  
She pines o’er the loss of summer glory,  
“I’ve deck’d my flowers in rosy bloom—  
They’ve wreath’d their tendrils o’er winter’s tomb;  
Alas! alas! for my vestury gay,  
Its sunny beauty hath pass’d away.”

“Life to the dead!” And the joyous spring  
Leaps from the thrall where winter had bound her,  
Clad in the brilliant blossoming,  
Of the graceful drap’ry glowing round her.  
List to the wandering songster’s lay,  
As on buoyant wing, away—away—  
He soars o’er the mountain’s misty height,  
And claims a dwelling in realms of light.

“Dust unto dust!” And the echo flows—  
Filling the earth with the sound of mourning;  
And death seems smiling in calm repose  
While man to his cold embrace is turning;  
Yet ever the voice of woe is heard  
When the deep fountains of grief are stirr’d;  
And heaven hath written on man’s pale face,  
The words of his curse—the doom of his race.

“Life to the dead!” A voice from above  
Bring the glad news of a Savior given;  
Sounds of rejoicing and words of love

Ring through the courts of the bending heaven.  
“Smile not, O death, in thy triumph vain,  
Thy pallid victim shall rise again;  
And his brow o’ercast with deep despair,  
The semblance of joyous hope shall wear.”

“Dust unto dust!” And the ocean’s breast  
Opens its wave for the toil-worn stranger.  
Earth gives the weary no hav’n of rest—  
No balm for sorrow—no shield from danger.  
Time with ever un pitying hand,  
Hastes to fulfill the fearful command;  
While sin with the last and struggling breath  
Taunts the sad soul with eternal death.

“Life to the dead!” And the wave shall bear  
From shore to shore the news of salvation;  
All nations and people its bliss may share,  
And sing the birth of a new creation.  
Who would not join in the glad’ning song?  
Who would not ever its notes prolong?  
Who would not gladly, ’mid care and strife,  
Welcome the words of eternal life?

## A PORTRAIT.

Not only good and kind,  
But strong and elevated was her mind;  
A spirit that with noble pride  
Could look superior down  
On fortune’s smile or frown;  
That could, without regret or pain,  
For virtue’s lowest duty, sacrifice  
Interest or ambition’s highest prize;  
A wit that temperately bright  
With inoffensive light  
All pleasing shone, nor ever passed  
The decent bounds that wisdom’s sober hand,  
And sweet benevolence’s mild command,  
And bashful modesty before it cast.  
A prudence undeceiving—undeceived,  
That nor too little nor too much believed,  
That scorned unjust suspicion’s coward fear,  
And without weakness knew to be sincere.

## THE WRECKED SOUL.

I HAVE seen the dark ship proudly braving,  
With high sail set, and streamers waving,  
The tempest roar, and battle pride:  
I’ve seen those floating streamers shrinking—  
The high sail rent—the proud ship sinking  
Beneath the ocean tide:  
And heard the seaman farewell sighing,  
His body on the dark sea lying,—  
His death prayer to the wind!  
But sadder sight the eye can know,  
Than proud barque lost, and seamen’s woe,—  
Or battle fire, or tempest cloud,—  
Or prey bird’s shriek, and ocean’s shroud!—  
The shipwreck of the soul.



Original.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY.\*

"FROM MY NOTE-BOOK."

PHILADELPHIA—ITS INSTITUTIONS, ETC.

MR. HAMLINE.—Perhaps no city in this country, or even in the world, surpasses the "City of Penn" in external beauty, or the distinctive characteristics of its inhabitants. For the number and beauty of its public edifices, the variety of its charitable and benevolent institutions, and the enterprise and thrift of its inhabitants, it has always and deservedly been celebrated. Few cities in the world have as great a number of places of religious worship, in proportion to the population, as Philadelphia. Yet the religion of the greater part, it is to be feared, partakes entirely too much of the general worldly spirit of a money-making community. To the inexperienced eye of a stranger passing through some of the principal business streets, it would seem almost impossible for the spirit of Christianity to exist there at all. Bustle, business, worldly care and anxiety, and an all-absorbing desire to get rich, seem the pervading characteristics of nearly all the inhabitants. Yet true religion and vital piety do there exist, and that, too, in their most lovely forms. And vice too, flourishes there in all its hideousness. In no place have I ever been, where wickedness seemed so fond of displaying itself, in all the deformity of its true character, as there. It seeks not to conceal itself under the garb of virtue, but, as if conscious of countenance and support from the power of numbers, it throws aside every mask, and appears in its real unblushing character.

To a stranger visiting this beautiful city there are many objects of particular interest. My limits forbid any thing more than a passing notice of a very few of these. I shall therefore endeavor to select such as will be most likely to interest the generality of your readers. Abercrombie, I think it is, in his work on the intellectual powers, has somewhere a remark of this kind, that "half a dozen different individuals may pass over the same ground, and have the same objects, precisely, presented to the eye; yet, perhaps, the observations of no two would in the least coincide. The mind of each being engaged on subjects relating to his individual sphere of labors and interests, would notice only those things connected therewith. Thus the farmer would notice the appearance of the crops—the architect the different styles of building—the geologist the varying soil and appearances of the different portions of the earth's surface—while the lover of nature, forgetful of utility, seeks only for the beautiful or the romantic in the diversified and ever-changing landscape brought before his view." Perhaps the spirit of this remark will be true in the present instance. Had I been a merchant, I might have collected some valuable information relative to that department of human industry; or a physician, I might have made particular observations on subjects

and institutions connected with the healing art, &c. But as my only object was to see whatever would be more particularly interesting to a stranger, I can only give the result of those observations.

During my stay in Philadelphia, the American Philosophical Society held its centennial anniversary and sessions. Through the polite attentions of some literary friends, I received an invitation to attend its sittings. Never have I beheld so much talent and profound erudition collected on one occasion as was concentrated there. While sitting among such an august assemblage of real, sterling, intellectual and moral worth, I could not help contrasting the then present scene with that when Benjamin Franklin, with his little band of, compeers, one hundred years before, proposed that they should bring their little stock of books together and form a common library, which should be the nucleus of a much larger collection. Verily, thought I, there is sound sense and wisdom in the admonition, "Despise not the day of small things." How much good did the far-reaching and comprehensive mind of that one man accomplish! And of how much more did he lay the foundation! The American Philosophical Society, with its immense and accumulating and salutary influence upon the intellectual character of our country, is not the least achievement of his penetrating judgment. Would that such minds as his were more numerous at the present day!

One object of intense interest to every American visiting Philadelphia is the old State-House. O how many interesting and hallowed associations cluster around that venerable pile! Here it was that the first American Congress assembled on the 5th of September, 1774. Here was formed, and here was adopted, that instrument so dear to every American heart, the Declaration of American Independence. Here, too, at the time of the mutiny in Pennsylvania, in June, 1783, were the assembled representatives of the people surrounded by a band of mutineers of between two and three hundred in number, and kept "in durance vile" for about two hours, while the discontented soldiery "sent a message to the council, complaining of the non-settlement of their accounts, and the want of pay, and behaved in a menacing and disorderly manner." And within these venerated walls was drawn up, discussed, and finally adopted, that richest legacy of our ancestors, THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION! The old bell is still hanging there which called together the first Congress—which summoned that body to the solemn acts of humiliation and prayer to the God of nations and the God of battles at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, and whose solemn peal called together, day after day for four months, the assembled wisdom of the nation, for deliberation upon the proposed national constitution! Who could stand where such scenes were once enacted and not feel? Who could stand where John Hancock and his determined compeers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to secure the freedom of their country, and not feel a new glow of patriotism thrill through his soul? Or who

\* Continued from page 276.

could tread the hall where WASHINGTON presided over the nation's convention, and not feel a deeper attachment to that palladium of our liberties, the national constitution; or feel his heart rising in gratitude to God for having bestowed upon us such a rich boon? I must confess, while within those walls, and standing before that "old bell," a feeling of solemnity, awe and veneration came over me which I had never before experienced. And standing there, surrounded thus on all sides by mementoes of the past, I became completely lost in the contemplation of other days and other scenes.

The State-House bell bears the following interesting inscription, commemorative truly of the piety of our forefathers. On the upper part, near where it is swung, "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof;*" Lev. xxv, 10. Nearer the mouth, "*By order of the assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State-House in Philadelphia;*" and just below, "*Pass & Stow, Philadelphia, MDCCLIII.*" Little did George II. think when that bell was first hung that it would literally fulfill in the life-time of his successor, the command contained in the motto, which like a belt surrounded it.

The view from the top of the State-House steeple is exceedingly beautiful. Standing on its platform and facing the east, you have before you and on your left the Delaware, with its shipping and beautiful scenery, dotted here and there with elegant country seats, and an occasional island in the river to make the landscape complete. On your right, and at your feet, are Washington and Franklin squares, with their variegated and luxuriant foliage, extending to all an invitation to their cool and delightful retreat, and affording a pleasing contrast to other parts of the wide-spread and diversified panorama. A short distance in front, the marble walls and stately dome of the Merchants' Exchange attract observation. While on every side the eye is relieved by the lofty shot towers, the innumerable church steeples and other elevated structures which adorn the city.

Another object of interest is the navy-yard. Here is to be seen every thing belonging to naval equipments and naval armaments. Cannons of almost every size; balls, and all the implements of death on the ocean wave, with all the materials for constructing vessels of any class. Two large buildings are occupied to protect the vessels and workmen while engaged in building. One of these is considerably larger than the other. In it was laid the keel of the Pennsylvania, and from it she was launched forth upon the bosom of the ocean—her destined element. The Raritan, a first class frigate, was launched but a short time since. As many as twenty thousand persons are said to have witnessed this interesting spectacle. When I saw her she was receiving her masts, &c. The sloop of war now being built, will soon be ready also for the ocean's bosom. When shall nation cease to lift up sword against nation, or to learn the art of war any more? Sentinels from the marine corps were stationed on duty in different parts of the navy-yard, whose suits of white uniform—the emblem of innocence—contrasted strongly with the

weapons of death which they carried partly for service, if occasion should require, and partly as the insignia of their profession.

Another object of curiosity to visitors, is the mint. Strangers are admitted from 9 o'clock in the morning till 12. In company with one or two gentlemen, I walked up one morning, and having registered our names, an attendant very politely conducted us through the building and showed us the interesting process of coining. The metal is first prepared in bars of the proper size and thickness for the intended species of coin. The coins are then cut out, rimmed, and prepared for receiving the impress of the dies. All the operations, both preparing and stamping, are performed by machinery. Through the politeness of the officers of the mint we obtained full sets of the different coins as specimens.

I shall not attempt a description or even a notice of the public and benevolent institutions of Philadelphia. A volume might easily be written, filled with important and interesting information concerning them. Such an undertaking, or even a passing notice of them, I must leave to future visitors and more experienced pens. There is one, however, which I cannot omit, the Girard College. This institution has been the subject of notice so frequently that it might appear a work of supererogation to allude to it here. Yet it is in itself a work of such magnificence and splendor that it would seem almost criminal to omit all notice whatever of its grandeur. It is saying but little when the declaration is made that no institution in this country of a like character can compare with it for external beauty. It is still unfinished, at least the main building, although the workmen are busily employed upon it. The buildings consist of two large edifices of probably one hundred feet by fifty, and four stories high, built of dark or mottled marble, and intended, I believe, for study rooms, dormitories, &c. These are completed. A meteorological observatory is also finished and furnished with appropriate instruments, at present under the superintendence of Professor Bache, of the Pennsylvania University, a gentleman to whom the scientific world are indebted for many valuable experiments and discoveries in meteorology. Besides these, is the main edifice, or what may emphatically be called *the college*. This is built of white marble, covered also with marble slabs, and surrounded by a colonnade of forty Corinthian columns, each of which I was informed cost from \$15,000 to \$17,000! These columns, which are of the same material with the main part of the building, are most of them in an unfinished state. This edifice itself contains eight recitation rooms, fifty feet square, with double arched ceilings, and four rooms of like dimensions and finish, intended for society halls, &c. The interior of the building is nearly ready for occupancy, and had not the funds failed might soon have been used for the purposes designed.

While gazing from the roof of this immense pile, I was completely absorbed with the thought, what may not the power of man accomplish! While standing



upon the shores of the Atlantic I was lost in the contemplation of the majesty of the Creator as exhibited in its vast expanse. But while viewing this immense structure, I could only think of the greatness and the folly of the human mind. And I know not which feeling predominated, wonder and admiration at the powers of human art, or sorrow at the needless expense of so much money which might have been far more profitably employed in adorning the minds of its intended inmates.

The only remaining object of interest in Philadelphia, which I can notice, is the celebrated water-works at Fairmount. This has been the theme of so many pens, that I almost fear to approach it, lest I should not do the subject justice, and by a prosaic description exhaust the already wearied patience of your readers. I had seen many notices of this celebrated place, but none which enabled me to form any just conception of its true character. From the many eulogies it has received, my expectations were raised very high. But when I viewed it in the distance from the top of the Girard College, I anticipated a disappointment. And a disappointment I experienced, although a very agreeable one. My highest anticipations were more than realized! Indeed nature and art seem to have done their utmost in making this the most delightful retreat the imagination could conceive, or the genius of beauty desire!

Fairmount is a natural elevation, and the summit, which has been graded off for the reservoirs, is probably from sixty to one hundred feet above the Schuylkill. As you approach it from the city, the prospect is neither imposing, nor very beautiful. The reservoirs, five in number, are inclosed by a white fence, with a graded walk around them; and the sloping embankments, and the sides of the hill, are covered with grass, with here and there a solitary tree. But the concentration of beauty is on the Schuylkill side. The bank, which in some places is little less than a solid ledge of nearly perpendicular rocks, combines all the different kinds of scenery, from the wild and romantic in miniature, to the quiet beauty of an ornamental flower garden. This precipitous declivity is descended by a wooden stairway, with one or two arbors for resting places, and shaded by the beautiful catalpa and other ornamental trees which grow between the massive rocks, or are planted at their base! Among these rocks and trees, and in places almost inaccessible, are several beautiful specimens of statuary, sculptured from the white marble. These are so situated, and their drapery so arranged, that when seen by moonlight it needs not the imagination of the poet to invest them with life and purity, or an acquaintance with classic scenes to believe them the tutelary divinities of this romantic spot. At the foot of this ledge is a level spot beautifully laid out, and manifesting in its adornment the utmost refinement of taste. In the centre of this ornamented spot is a beautiful circular basin or fountain, with four quadrangular jets in the corners of a square, while in the centre is a much larger single jet, all throwing their cooling streams of amber purity many feet into the air, which fall again

into the circular basin before mentioned. A large building is erected immediately on the banks of the Schuylkill, which is thrown open for the accommodation of visitors. A dam is built across the river which affords motive power for raising the water, and at the same time adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. The machinery employed is capable of raising one thousand gallons per minute, and even this is not deemed adequate for contingencies which may arise. They are therefore at the present time enlarging the sphere of their usefulness, by the addition of two new motive wheels to the six already employed, which will increase their powers of doing good about one fourth.

The mind delights to linger in the review almost as much as it did on a first visit to this paradise of the "City of brotherly love" when reality took the place of ideal retrospection. But fearing that yourself and readers are already wearied, I will close with a single suggestion in the form of a query. Why should not the "Queen of the West" do something thus to gratify the refined and cultivated taste of her numerous visitors as well as her sister cities of the eastern shore?

Yours, &c.,

G. W.

#### FAMILY RELIGION.

THE duty of cultivating family religion will be admitted by all pious families, and it will be almost as readily admitted that family religion is greatly neglected. In these days of Sabbath schools, parents seem to have delegated to teachers of Sunday school classes the religious instruction of their children. The good old ways of family instruction are forsaken. The catechism is laid upon the shelf, and the children have become estranged from the ways of their fathers. The great doctrines and duties of our holy religion are not now the subjects of discussion, or thought, or knowledge. We are confident that there is less real knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel among those who compose the present generation that is now coming forward and occupying the stage, than among those of the past. We have often heard in the monthly concert for Sabbath schools the present system of things lauded highly, when we could not respond to the sentiments which were uttered. We rejoice in the design and institution of Sabbath schools, but not as relieving in any manner the obligation of parents to their children. We have never regarded the instruction given in them as suited to take the place of that which belongs to the family circle. We would urge a return to family instruction as lying at the foundation of family religion. We would press upon our readers the duty of cultivating the genius of religion in the family circle. What immense interests are involved in it! Who can tell how much the salvation of some who are near and dear in the family relation, may depend upon the religious character of those who have named the name of Christ! You, who are parents, be faithful to your children. Teach them diligently the fear of the Lord. Cast not off your responsibilities upon others.

## THE VENERABLE DEAD.

DIED, at Walnut Grove, Kanawha county, Va., July 23, 1843, Mrs. ANN SMITH SUMMERS, widow and relic of Geo. Summers, Esq., in the 85th year of her age.

This venerable lady was the daughter of John Radcliffe, of Fairfax county, Va., where she herself was born on the 16th day of October, 1758. Although of delicate physical construction, and often times the victim of disease, she has survived all the contemporary members of her family, and has gone down to the grave, in advanced old age, as the mature and ripened harvest is garnered in its season.

In the life of Mrs. Summers, were illustrated the virtues and excellencies of a good woman. The confiding love of the wife toward her husband—the doating affection of the mother for her children—the indulgent kindness of the mistress to her servants—the charities of social and neighborhood intercourse; and better than all these—the contrite heart and humble faith of the Christian, were characteristics which distinguished her walk through life. With her, the duties and concerns of time were not forgotten or omitted, but they were subordinate to the great interests of eternity. Her leading thoughts were of heaven—her absorbing desire, was that by a life of penitence and faith, she might be fitted for its enjoyment; and her continual, struggling prayer, to the latest moment of consciousness, was to be held united to God, by a living, grasping faith, through her Redeemer, in whom alone she trusted for salvation, and into whose possession, she delivered her whole heart, with all its hopes and fervent aspirations.

Her family and friends will weep for her, who has so long concentrated their attention and affectionate interest, but in the midst of their sorrowing for her departure, they will rejoice in the presence of the only alleviation to the anguish of surviving friendship and affection—an assured conviction, that she has entered into that inheritance of glory reserved for the righteous, where no clouds or darkness are; where weeping, trusting, fearing, and believing, are all swallowed up in fruition, and where the lamentations of penitence are exchanged for the shout of victory and the lofty hymns of eternal praise.

The following lines were written on the death of Mrs. Ann Smith Summers.

Pilgrim, is life's voyage ended?  
Are all its cares and sorrows o'er?  
Shall joy and grief no more be blended?  
No more be heard, the tempest roar?  
Clouds around thee long have lower'd,  
Nights of darkness vexed thy peace,  
Storms their fury long have pour'd,  
Say, have these been made to cease?  
Yes, ransom'd one, thy radiant brow,  
Thy jeweled crown, and smiles of love,  
Proclaim thee sainted conqueror now,  
With those in robes of white above?  
To fear, to weep, to doubt no more,  
Shall anxious days and nights employ;

3

Thy golden harp its praise shall pour,  
And hymning triumphs speak thy joy.

Cherubic choirs, in song uniting,  
Hail thee, "Sainted sister! come  
Trusting Christian—trembling, doubting,  
Ransom'd spirit, welcome home."

Original.

## TO THE DEPARTED.

AN IMPROMPTU WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF HARRISON.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

SPIRIT of the dead! where dost thou dwell?

Say where is now thy resting place?

When evening's balmy airs prevail,

Its silent hours where dost thou trace?

Is heaven a *place*? and art thou there,

The nearest to thy Savior's throne?

Thy part in choral anthems bear,

Surpassed by seraphim alone?

Or when the vesper hymns are o'er,

Commissioned by th' eternal King—

Dost thou the universe explore

With speed of an archangel's wing?

Ah yes! I see thee spirit one,

Amid the gentle shades of eve

Oft hovering round thy once loved home

To cheer the heart of those that grieve.

Protector—guardian—firm and true,

With radiant smile and airy tread,

And with angelic retinue

Thou comest, blest spirit of the dead!

Thou com'st to wipe the falling tear,

To bid each sorrowing thought depart,

And with celestial blessings cheer

The lonely, sad, and stricken heart.

'Tis God who sends thee thus in love

To guide the wayward thoughts to heaven;

And gently draw to *Him* above,

The heart with keenest anguish riven.

In love to thee, in love to them,

He bids thee be their guide and friend

Till sceptre, harp, and diadem,

In heaven his hands to them extend.

Thy harp for that triumphal scene

With joy thou hast already strung;

E'en now its cords impatient seem,

For that enraptured, blissful song.

For if the exulting chorus rise

And swell with joy each *seraph's* breast

To welcome to the upper skies

Each earth-born soul received to rest;

How must *thy* soul with rapture thrill

To greet thy blood-wash'd kindred there;

With *them* the choral anthem swell—

With *them* the crown of triumph wear!



Original.

## GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

BY W. H. LAWDER.

RELIGIOUS biographies are of unspeakable value to the Christian Church. They teach the principles of Christian faith, and exemplify their practice in the lives of the pious, and then invite our attention to the glorious results in the peaceful and often triumphant exit of the saints of God. Thus they tend to strengthen the faith and animate the zeal of the Church. To this end, God has embodied in the holy Scriptures many interesting accounts of his ancient people, and calls upon us to "mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." With the hope that our humble effort may minister to the same end, we present the following biography.

MARGARET, daughter of Edward and Martha Inskip, was born May 25, 1821, in Wilmington, Delaware. When she was but a child, her father removed with his family to Chester county, Pa. At this time they were all without God and without hope in the world. But in a short time God powerfully awakened and converted the only son. And, through his instrumentality, Margaret and her elder sister were brought to the mourners' bench. After a season of repentance and mighty prayer they were powerfully blessed, and testified Christ's power on earth to forgive sins.

The parents, who were greatly exasperated at the religious pretensions of the son, were now driven to desperation by what they thought the everlasting disgrace of the daughters. To bring these youthful converts to terms, the most rigid measures were agreed upon. The son was to be driven out, a wanderer from his father's house, and the daughters to be kept with a vigilant eye. But these persecuting purposes did not move them from their steadfastness. They knew whom they had believed, and counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. The threatening storm was, however, soon dispelled. God, who restrains the wrath of man, and makes the remainder of wrath to praise him, wrought mightily upon the hearts of the parents; and, by his blessing upon the invincible perseverance of these young disciples, they were powerfully convicted, and, in deep distress, sought and found pardoning mercy. Then were the daughters restored to favor, and the son, who looked to prospective exile, and who had virtually left home, was welcomed again to the paternal roof.

As a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for ten years, our departed sister witnessed a good confession, not having reached her twelfth year when she experienced a change of heart. She was not content with seeking her own good, but labored zealously for the salvation of others. With this in view, she entered upon the duties of a Sabbath school teacher, to which she devoted herself for the last six years of her life. Nor was she satisfied with having gone through the

usual exercises of the school-room. She bore her class upon her heart to the throne of grace. She affectionately remembered them in the closet, praying for their conversion. And, as an evidence of the benevolent interest she cherished, she did not forget them, even in her last moments. She desired some friend to bear them her dying request that they should all meet her in heaven, assuring them she had prayed much for them.

She appeared, sometime before her last illness, to have had a presentiment of her approaching end, and was evidently being prepared for her change. Her piety became more deep and spiritual. She engaged in all the devotional exercises of our private and social meetings with an unwonted fervor. The graces of the Spirit were maturing, and she seemed ripening for heaven. This was manifest, especially, in the benevolent concern she felt in the welfare of the poor. Her soul seemed drawn out after them. She sought them out, and, as far as her opportunities and means would serve, ministered to their wants.

Her disease was of the most painful character, and continued for the space of six weeks. But, during all her sufferings, she exercised the greatest patience and resignation. When, in a paroxysm of pain, she gave an involuntary expression to her sufferings, she would often check herself, lest she might be found to complain. A few moments before she closed her eyes in death she looked upon her friends, who had been waiting round her bed for three days, expecting every hour to be her last, and said, "You have waited long for my death—we must wait the *Lord's time*."

Though she looked for death every hour, her spirit was perfectly serene—"calm as summer evenings be." She spoke freely upon the subject of her departure, and as if she were about to take a pleasant journey to see some absent friend. Not only did she anticipate the event itself, but appeared to calculate many of its circumstances. Hence, among other requests, she made this of her sister Jones: "When I am dying, keep my head cool and my lips moist." Almost to her last dying gasp she was blessed, thank God! with the use of her speech and reason, and conversed freely with the family and other visiting friends.

Below we will present a few of the many things she said during the three last days of her life. All her conversation could not be written; for she spoke in a strong voice, and with considerable rapidity, and the intervals were too short to write what she said at any one time; and, moreover, the scene was so overwhelming as to disqualify for the use of the pen any but the most rigid stoic.

She died about six o'clock, P. M., Saturday, June 24. On the 22d, her pastor visited and found her very feeble. When he inquired of her in respect to her spiritual welfare, she attempted to answer, but found herself fainting, and simply replied, "Mother will tell you all." She recovered a little, and having composed herself, appeared engaged in deep and earnest prayer. Some fifteen or twenty minutes having passed, she sud-

denly exclaimed, "Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil—thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me—the powers of sin shall not have dominion over me. Precious Jesus, O my precious Jesus!"

Having been moved a little, her physical strength seemed to rise, and presently she spoke in a clear, distinct tone of voice, saying, "I shall not be here long—my time has almost come—my poor body is sinking fast." One asked, "You are not afraid to go?" She answered, "No, after close examination, I am not. I would rather go than stay—it is better to die than live." Having rested a moment, she continued, "I seem to be getting beyond the barrier, which has so long prevented me." In reply, "My grace is sufficient for thee," was quoted; and it was further remarked, "You have found it so in life, and you shall prove it so in death;" when, every feature beaming with joy, she responded, "O, yes." Pausing a little, she continued, "I have always thought it an awful thing to launch into eternity; but my hope is in God, through Christ Jesus. Bless the Lord!" Again, "As I have often told others, there is nothing like religion—there is nothing like religion."

When, having rested awhile, she had recovered a little strength, she turned to her mother, who was sitting by her side, and with a look of indescribable tenderness and love, said, "Mother,

'Why should we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call us to his arms.'

Do not weep for me when I am gone. I have always been a care to you, as all children are to their parents." Her mother assured her she would not weep, saying, "Why should I?—my loss will be your eternal gain." She repeated with emphasis, "Yes, my gain." Again, she said, "'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God;—'And let this feeble body fail, and let it faint or die; my soul'"—here she seemed to be overwhelmed with the prospect, and in the fullness of her joy exclaimed, "Bless God!" Her mother finished the stanza. Her father coming in at this time, she took him by the hand, and said, "Father, you have always said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,' and that you would rather we would have religion than the greatest fortune you could gather. This you have always taught, ever since you joined the Church."

Soon after she expressed herself in the following language: "I have rested all in Jesus. Yes, bless his holy name! Glory to God for the unspeakable privilege! Yes, glory to God in the highest! I am happy—unspeakably happy." To her sister Draper, who came just at this time, she said, "Martha, I am about to die. Yes, blessed be God; but to die is gain." Having asked her forgiveness of any seeming unkindness, (which she was careful to do of all her friends,) she continued, "Martha, will you meet me in heaven?" and added, "Teach your children to prepare for heaven.

Let the things of time be secondary, and the things of eternity primary."

To her sister Mary Ann, converted with her at the same mourners' bench, and who, it seems, endeavored to support her in the hours of her temptation, she said, "You know you told me, when I was tempted, I would gain the victory, and I have proven it true; and I have no doubt but you will soon meet me in heaven."

She desired to see the more juvenile members of the family—spoke to them affectionately—exhorted them to seek the Lord in youth, and meet her in the kingdom of glory, and then gave them her parting blessing. With many expressions of gratitude, she acknowledged the kindness and attention of her brothers-in-law. Indeed, she seemed unwilling that any one should be forgotten, sending her love to her class and the sisters with whom she met in the weekly female prayer meeting.

To her pastor she said, "When I spoke this morning of a burden, I meant a burden of temptation. I have often sought the blessing of sanctification, and as often the enemy has tempted me. And the more earnestly I have sought, the more I have been tempted. I have never heretofore obtained it. But this morning I felt my time was short, and that I had nothing to do with the things of earth—that those of eternity alone concerned me now. I then looked to Jesus, and felt the burden roll off as sensibly as if some great weight had been removed. Then I obtained a complete victory." She found this long sought blessing three days before her death. And is it not worthy of a thought, if it may be obtained three days before death, may it not three months or three years? Again she said, "What a privilege to die when I am young—to escape the evils to come! It is easy to die with Jesus. My sins are all forgiven. Glory to God!"

Her brother, who, under God, was the means of her conversion, being a member of the Philadelphia conference, was necessarily absent, in his distant field of labor. She was, therefore, denied the privilege of seeing him, and enjoying his society in her last hours. But he was not forgotten. "Tell John and Martha Jane," said she, "that I should liked to have had them with me; but God, in his providence, has otherwise ordered it. Tell them all is well."

Friday, 23d.—She said but little; but enough to show that she was in a most comfortable state of mind.

Saturday, 24th.—About three, P. M., she had a sore conflict with the enemy. She lifted her heart to God, and seemed to be in an agony of prayer. Though her prayer was, for the most part, simply a mental exercise, she occasionally gave audible expression, as in the following detached sentences: "By a mighty act of faith I throw myself upon thee, Jesus—to the dying thief upon the cross thou didst say, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise'—thou art not like man—thou forgiveest transgression and sin—not that I have prayed, but that thou hast prayed for me—come now and get thyself the victory—all is in thy hand—why am I so tempted?—O mine enemy!—for Jesus' sake." Here



she desired us to unite in prayer for her. We knelt and prayed, and she joined us, and frequently expressed herself in the most fervent responses. When we rose she continued to pray as before, uttering, at intervals, the following sentences: "I give myself to thee, Jesus! Whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive. Thou wilt not now resist my prayer—thou wilt give me strength to pass over Jordan! Satan shall not prevail against me. Thy faithfulness is true. If thou cast thyself upon him he will accept thee. Lord, thou acceptest me—thou acceptest me—thou acceptest me! O, how thou hast blessed me!" And then, to those who stood by, she said, "I have nothing but Jesus—*by simple faith.*" Soon after she repeated the lines:

"And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;"

and requested us to sing. When we came to the line,

"My soul shall quit this mournful vale,"

she joined us, and sang a few words. While we were singing the hymn she seemed very happy. She requested us to sing again; and we sung,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c.

And her soul seemed in raptures, and her whole countenance was radiant with unearthly joy.

After awhile she said, "I have given myself entirely to Jesus. God will give me an easy passage over Jordan. Hosannah! Let all say, hosannah—hosannah! Now I shall sleep in Jesus." Presently, with an unspeakable expression of countenance, she commenced singing the words—

"There friends shall meet again,  
Who have loved—who have loved:  
Their embraces shall be sweet,  
At the dear Redeemer's feet,  
When we meet to part no more,  
Who have loved—who have loved."

She led off and carried the tune herself, with but little assistance—but little could be rendered, as the tide of feeling was such as completely to overwhelm almost every one present.

And now, when her features were distorted, and speech had well nigh failed, in her dying strife she said, "Where are my friends?" As they came round, she, with an effort, said to them individually, "Good bye, good bye!" and then to all, "Farewell! all meet me in heaven." And as earth seemed passing from her vision, she put forth her utmost strength, and exclaimed, "Now let my triumphant spirit go!" and as the spirit took its flight, the words, "Glory! glory! glory! halleluiah!" fell faintly upon the listening ears of those who stood nearest by.



It is a terrible thought that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read, that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading currents of sound—not a prayer lisped, that is not also to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

Original.

### THE YOUNG DISCIPLE.

I wish, in the following communication, to hold up to the view of your readers the Christian graces and the dying triumphs of Miss ANN T. PECK. My heart is moved at the mention of this name. She was a young disciple of the Lord Jesus, and for some months was my pupil. Well do I remember the exact propriety and singular gentleness which, at that early age, marked her deportment; and, were my skill adequate to the task, I should feel unmingled pleasure in placing before the readers of the Repository so fair an illustration of the power of grace as is afforded in her life and death. Her history furnishes much to encourage believing mothers to be diligent in training their children for heaven. In her death there is a sublimity which we cannot contemplate but with awe, and upon which angels must have gazed with admiration. But it was all of grace. It was the divine image stamped upon a fallen soul, and this image clearly retained during years of intercourse with a fallen world—it was the meek, retiring female, transformed into the Christian soldier.

As nearly all the facts which I have to record, save those taken from her funeral sermon, are gathered from conversations held with her mother and Miss E., her particular friend, and must be stated from recollection, I may not be able to preserve either the dates or the order of their occurrence, nor all the circumstances that attended them; but the reader may be assured that, however anxious I may be to exhibit the grace of God as experienced by this faithful disciple, I shall carefully avoid exaggeration. Indeed, it would seem that the greater difficulty would be to do justice to the theme.

From very infancy she seemed a consecrated spirit; and ere her feeble pinions were fledged, we beheld her essaying to plume them for immortality.

At three years of age she was bereaved of a younger sister, who, being a healthy and vigorous child, was in many respects even more mature than herself. To this little sister she was strongly attached, and, of course, much afflicted by her death. She often entreated her mother to go up to heaven and bring little Susan back again, and often climbed, as she afterward said, quite into the attic story, and looked upward with straining eyes, hoping to see her. But, in the midst of her own sorrows, she strove to console her mother, and whenever she saw her weeping, would exert herself to the utmost to dry her tears, employing her own childish devices to divert her mind from its grief. From a period previous to this date she is not remembered to have been seen in a passion, nor in any instance to have disobeyed her parents. This was not because she was destitute of the common propensities of the human heart; for a short time before her death, a friend congratulating her upon her amiable temper, she replied, "I might have been angry as well as others, had I not believed it to be sinful to indulge such tempers."

When about six years old she had a severe sickness,

from which she was not expected to recover. At this time her mother asked her if she was willing to die. She replied, "No, I would not like to leave you and father;" but after lying sometime, as if in deep thought, she added, "but I don't know but I should go to heaven." While recovering from this attack, as she was one day raised to sit up a little, she asked, "Mother, how is it that there are three Gods, and yet but one God? I have been thinking a great deal about it, and I cannot understand it. Will you explain it to me?" The mystery of a Trinity, so inexplicable by finite beings, seems to have been revealed by the Holy Spirit in her experience, just before her exit, as will be seen in the sequel.

It was the following year that she was placed under my care as a pupil. During the period of my acquaintance with her, in this relation, she was never, that I recollect, out of place—never deficient in any thing. She was, of course, never wounded by reproof; but upon the slightest commendation, her countenance, which strikingly indicated the delicacy of her mind, and the extreme sensibility of her heart, was lighted up with an indescribable glow of delight. It is deeply regretted that the religious conversations then held between her and the principal of the school, now with her a saint in glory, cannot be recollected.

Feeble health compelled her early removal from school, which was soon followed by another severe illness. After her recovery she manifested increased seriousness. About this time a revival general in the city, extended to the Presbyterian Church of which her parents were members. The first time that Ann heard penitent sinners invited forward to receive the prayers of the Church, she was much agitated, but retained her seat, doubtless waiting to consult her mother, which was her uniform custom, as to the propriety of her going forward. As soon as she reached home, she said, "Mother, I suppose that invitation was not intended for children, was it?" "Why, Ann," said her mother, "did you wish to go?" "Yes," said she, "I would like to have the prayers of Christians." "You may go next time if you wish," said her mother. The following day she was at her place in the church, and when the invitation was given, she was observed to be greatly moved, at one time attempting to rise, and again resuming her seat. At length her mother rose and walked toward her. As she approached, Ann also rose, and extending her hand, placed it in her mother's, and proceeded with her to the "anxious seat," to join those who were mourning for sin.

In the evening her mother, being engaged in domestic arrangements below, heard Ann at prayer in her chamber. As soon as convenient Mrs. P. proceeded to the chamber, where she found her child weeping and praying for mercy, apparently in great agony. A candle was brought, but the little penitent was too much engaged to observe it. Mrs. P. waited sometime, and the struggle continuing, became anxious, and thought it best to speak. The first exclamation awakened by her mother's voice, was, "O, I am such

a sinner! I fear there is no mercy for me!" Her mother knelt beside her, and spent some moments in prayer, and then sat down to instruct her in the way of faith. "Truly, my child," said she, "you are just as great a sinner as you think you are; but for just such sinners Jesus died; and that you are a sinner is the very reason why you should trust in him." After continuing the conversation for sometime, she asked, "Can you not trust such a Savior? Can you not resign your all into his hands?" Ann replied, "I think I can." She became calm, and rested through the night. The next morning, after completing the usual domestic arrangements, Mrs. P. returned to her own chamber, thinking to allow Ann still longer to repose, but she had already risen, and hastening to meet her mother, threw her arms round her neck, and bursting into tears, said, "O, I am such a sinner, and God is so good!"

From this period she continued happy, and was diligent in the use of all the means of grace. She was in the habit of assembling her little brothers and sisters, and some of the neighbors' children, and holding prayer meetings with them, watching over and exhorting them from day to day; and, also, of interceding with, and for them individually. The latter practice continued as long as her strength would permit. Her surviving sister says, "Well do I remember her frequent, earnest, and weeping prayers for me at our bedside, after we had retired for the night."

Sometime, perhaps a year or more, after the above change, her health continuing feeble, it was thought necessary that she should travel east for change of air. The varying scenes of the journey, so calculated to dissipate the minds of older Christians, had their effect on her. She became more interested in the world around her; and being often associated with those who, though older than herself, were not accustomed to her habits of devotion, she shrank from the cross, and in some instances neglected duties which it had been her daily practice to perform. The consequence was that her enjoyment diminished, and finally she lost "the witness of the Spirit," and even doubted that she had ever been the subject of renewing grace. How long she remained in comparative darkness is not known. At length a book was thrown in her way which accorded with her own state, and she was encouraged to make an effort to return to the rest from which she had wandered. After forming a resolution, and commencing its accomplishment, a meeting was appointed to be held at evening. She was very desirous to attend; but her uncle and aunt, with whom she was visiting, not aware of the condition of her mind, desired her, for some special purpose, to remain at home. Ever ready to obey, she assented, feeling, as she afterward remarked, that her Savior would be there as well as at the meeting, and resolving to spend the evening in reading and prayer. She sat down with her Bible, and soon proved that her Savior was indeed there. She felt that she was surrounded with his presence, and was again filled with peace and joy; and when her friends returned, flew to her uncle, and clasping him in her



arms, while tears of contrite joy streamed from her eyes, told him what her Savior had done for her. These outburstings of feeling in Ann were peculiarly interesting to those who knew her. Her extreme diffidence was only equaled by her sincerity and artlessness; and when the fountains of rapture rose so high in her heart as to gush forth in strains of praise, it was truly the overflowing of the spirit of truth and love. From this time she seems never to have lost her confidence, but to have grown in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord, till

"She took her last triumphant flight  
From Calvary to Zion's height."

From this date she expressed increased concern, not only for her friends, but for sinners in general, often speaking of their dreadful state, and wrestling in prayer for them. On one occasion, after a long season of retirement, she came down stairs weeping exceedingly. Her little brother exclaimed, "Mother, Ann is sick!" "No, H.," said she, "I am not sick, nor would I weep if I was. I have been praying for sinners, and am weeping for them."

At about fourteen years of age she was again placed at school; and here she evinced her deep concern for the spiritual welfare of those with whom she was associated, by begging her mother's permission to address a letter to the teacher and pupils of the school, in which she affectionately entreated and faithfully warned them to flee from the wrath to come—recommending religion as a present good, as well as a security against future evils, and a title to everlasting life. A letter, bearing nearly the same date, addressed to some of her dear relatives, breathes the same spirit of benevolent concern. These letters, and a few reflections and resolutions, penned about the same time, are nearly all that remains of her writing. She seems, from some remarks recollected, to have often recorded her feelings and experiences; but she must have destroyed the record almost as soon as made. The reflections, and some of the resolutions, are as follows:

"Saturday, March 10, 1836.—Another Sabbath day has fled; and am I better than I was many years ago? Have I grown in grace? and am I anxious for the impenitent around me? O, Lord, thou knowest! 'Search me, and know my heart—try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' Grant that I may hereafter be more faithful in reading thy word. How little do I value it, compared with what I ought! Help me to understand it aright, and to be more faithful in obeying it. How pleasant it is to be a child of the blessed Jesus! How lovely is his name! How pleasant to the ear! Yes, I adore him—yes, I love him! 'Nothing shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'

"My dear Savior, thou hast displayed to me the light of thy countenance. Surely, thou art lovely. Who can behold thy glory and love this world? Wilt thou, my dear Father, deliver me from all pride, and make me humble, meek, and lowly of heart? I want

to be holy—O, how I want to be holy!—like my Savior, in all things!

"I resolve this day, in the strength of God, to live more for him than I have in times past. I will do all in my power to promote the happiness of others. I will never, if I can avoid it, injure the feelings of any. I will not suffer myself to be angry."

Several others, of a similar character, follow, but are not within my reach.

She was a devoted teacher in the Sabbath school, attending to all its interests with a zeal that would have been creditable to one whose constitutional strength was much greater than hers. Once, when quite ill, a friend said to her, "Ann, what will you do with your class?" The only reply she was able to make was a flood of tears. This interest continued till the close of her life. A few days before her death she sent for her Sunday school class, and exhorted them, earnestly and affectionately, to seek religion, and meet her in heaven. Several of them have since professed to experience a change of heart.

Prayer, with Ann, was not merely a habit and a duty, nor was it resorted to only as a means of drawing down blessings upon herself and others—it was her delightful privilege. She was often known to retire for this purpose seven or eight times in a day. She once asked her mother, "Does the Savior appear very near to you when you pray?" "Not always," was the reply. "He does to me," said she—"just by the chair at which I kneel; and I have often risen and left the place, and then returned to it again. I could not bear to go away, for my Savior was there." Her love of prayer, and conscientiousness in the performance of it, was farther evinced in her willingness to attend to it in circumstances in which the cross must have been, to her diffident and retiring spirit, very severe. Once, on returning from a female prayer meeting that she was in the habit of attending, she expressed deep regret that in consequence of her youth she was not invited to pray, referring to it as a privilege. Sometime after she was invited, and declined; and then her conscience was so deeply wounded with the thought of having grieved her Savior, that she spent the remainder of that and much of the succeeding day in retirement, weeping, and prayer. Well for us all if we were as fearful of grieving the Savior. The writer feels humbled and reproved by this and many other occurrences in the life of this young soldier of the cross. It was not because Ann thought she could make a *fiat*, or even a good prayer, that she desired to attempt it in public; no, it was simply a desire to glorify her Savior—a willingness to bear the cross; and the promise was verified to her: "Them that honor me will I honor." She *was honored* with a useful and happy life, and a most triumphant death. She acknowledged the Savior before men, and now he doubtless acknowledges her before his Father and the holy angels.

Ann had no want of natural intelligence, and perhaps few of so uniformly feeble health had more diligently cultivated their minds; and surely none was

ever farther from "making a display." She conversed very sparingly upon any subject that did not concern salvation. It has been remarked that she *never* spoke of the faults of others, and was much pained when any did so in her presence. The theme of a Savior's love was sufficiently entertaining to employ all her time and all her powers; and her humble views of herself, and love for the souls of others, led her to speak only what should be to their advantage.

The last and only remaining scrap from her pen was recently discovered, written on a card. It is as follows:

"January 4, 1843.—Thou alone knowest, O, Lord, that I have, for sometime, desired to keep a journal, but have been prevented by thine over-ruling providence. Help me, from this moment, to live more for thee. Grant that I may be enabled to keep this journal without interruption for the remainder of my life."

But the remainder of her life was very short. Her constitution yielded to the power of the disease which had so long pressed heavily upon it. She lingered a few weeks, the meek, resigned sufferer, and then entered into life. Let us now consider her rapturous close. It will be better in this case to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting, if that can be called "mourning," where the swelling raptures can be exceeded only by the joys of heaven.

(To be concluded.)

## PRAYER.

BY REV. B. F. TEFET.

How beautiful is prayer! It is the soul aspiring to its Author. It is the spirit looking upward to the place of its nativity, and desiring to return. It is the prisoner of time mourning his fetters, and imploring freedom. It is the warrior of the world, too gallant to retreat, and too mighty to be conquered, enjoying, amid a protracted struggle, the foresight of victory. It is the undaunted mariner of a dangerous sea, tossed by tempests and worn with disasters, desiring from his reeling topmast the broad, quiet haven, into which his bark is about to be anchored. How peaceful are the faculties! How serene is the temper it breathes into the soul! The rage of intellectual activity, the noise of the passions, the cares and confusion of life, are subdued, hushed, banished. It is Science kneeling at the fountain of Intelligence; it is Philosophy bowing at the foot-stool of Reason; and the wing of Genius, oppressed by earthly soarings, and confined by the narrow boundaries of the temporal world, escapes by prayer to a wider, happier, purer region, and bathes its plumes in the bright, blue sky of the ethereal and eternal!

How elevating is prayer! There is no mental exercise which exerts so lofty an influence upon the soul. It brings us into immediate connection with the greatest intellect, the most perfect and magnificent moral powers, and the highest spiritual excellence. It is

impossible to be mean and little in prayer. It enlarges our natural sympathies, and diminishes, and gradually annihilates the action of selfishness. It is the touch of Ithuriel's spear to a narrow mind. Neither constitution nor habit is so rigid as to withstand its powers of expansion. No great mind ever neglected the exercise, at least, of occasional prayer. Prayer withdraws our eye from the present, and fixes the attention on the interests and realities of the future. It imparts the first lessons of spiritual prudence. It holds the scales in which two worlds, two lives, two destinies, are balanced. It is the message which a careful, immortal traveler sends before him to a land of unknown dangers. It is the courier of a royal mind. Its dignity is equaled only by its utility and necessity. We have no practical knowledge of the future without it. It is the revealer of revelation, the telescope of faith, the goal, the *punctum-saliens* of philosophy. In a word, it is useful, honorable, noble, and elevating. The very humility it demands is one of the highest qualities of the soul; and as we soar upon its pinions into that world of ineffable glory, which the petitioner expects to inherit, the earth seems so little, so trivial, so transitory, that we catch the inspiration which the sweet minstrel imbibed from the same scenes and prospects, and conclude with melody what perhaps began in tears:

"The things eternal I pursue,  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those who basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen;  
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures, mean,  
I neither have, or want."

How powerful is prayer! It is possible that prayer has no power in itself. It derives its energy from the promises of God. By faith in those promises it is omnipotent; for the declaration is complete and satisfactory—*nothing shall be impossible!* When prayer reaches the throne, though it ascend from the meanest cabin of the poor, it demands and receives unqualified attention. The highest emergencies of heaven must yield. The word of the Eternal has been pledged. The character of God is concerned. No considerations of the obscurity of its origin, the unworthiness of its author, or the possible perversion of the gifts and blessings which it supplicates, can be offered, or accepted in abatement of its claims, or in extenuation of the promises on which it rests its petition. It is sublime to contemplate the majesty of its power. Mountains must tremble to their bases; oceans must transgress primary decrees, and overflow original landmarks; rocks and earthquakes must rend and thunder; nay, heaven and earth must pass, before one jot or tittle of the divine pledge can fail to be accomplished!—*Mother's Assistant.*

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. An impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate, upon the young heart, like a spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.



## NOTICES.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—Mr. Barnes is a learned and pious divine of the "New School" Presbyterian Church. For several years he has been the esteemed pastor of a church in Philadelphia, and has blended with his parochial labors the diligent study of the Bible, and has commented on several of its books. Some years since we read with interest his comments on the Gospels, and have always since anticipated rich contributions to Biblical literature from his pen. His Notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews have just fallen into our hands. After a hasty examination of several portions of it, we feel prepared to recommend it as a most desirable aid to the right understanding of that most precious part of Holy Writ. The reader will not, of course, expect to approve all the views expressed in the comments of Mr. Barnes; but he will always be pleased with the manner and apparent spirit of the author. Mr. Barnes is less philological than Clarke, yet sufficiently critical. His work indicates a good knowledge of the languages which contribute to the correct understanding of the Scriptures; but he gives us the results of his researches, without tracing, in his expositions, the steps by which he arrived at those results. The volume before us is a large duodecimo of 334 pages.

The following remarks, in the Introduction, set forth with admirable force and justice the value of this inspired Epistle, and may move the reader to study it more carefully:

"This Epistle, therefore, occupies a most important place in the book of Revelation, and without it that book would be incomplete. It is the most full explanation which we have of the meaning of the Jewish institutions. In the Epistle to the Romans we have a system of religious doctrine, and particularly a defense of the great doctrine of justification by faith. Important doctrines are discussed in the other epistles; but there was something wanted that would show the meaning of the Jewish rites and ceremonies, and their connection with the Christian scheme; something which would show us how the one was preparatory to the other; and, I may add, something that would restrain the *imagination* in endeavoring to show how the one was designed to introduce the other. The one was a system of *types* and *shadows*. But on nothing is the human mind more prone to wander than on the subject of emblems and analogies. This has been shown abundantly in the experience of the Christian Church, from the time of Origen to the present. Systems of divinity, commentaries, and sermons, have shown everywhere how prone men of ardent imaginations have been to find types in every thing pertaining to the ancient economy; to discover hidden meanings in every ceremony; and to regard every pin and hook and instrument of the tabernacle as designed to inculcate some *truth*, and to shadow forth some fact or doctrine of the Christian revelation. It was desirable to have *one* book that should tell how that is; to fetter down the imagination and bind it by severe rules, and to restrain the vagaries of honest but credulous devotion. Such a book we have in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The ancient system is there explained by one who had been brought up in the midst of it, and who understood it thoroughly: by one who had a clear insight into the relation which it bore to the Christian economy; by one who was under the influence of divine inspiration, and who could not err. The Bible would have been incomplete without this book: and when I think of the relation between the Jewish and the Christian systems; when I look on the splendid rites on the ancient economy, and ask their meaning; when I wish a full guide to heaven, and ask for that which gives completeness to the whole, I turn instinctively to the Epistle to the Hebrews. When I wish also that which shall give me the most elevated view of the Great Author of Christianity and of his work, and the most clear conceptions of the sacrifice which he made for sin; and when I look for considerations that shall be most effectual in restraining the soul from apostasy, and for considerations to enable it to bear trials with patience and with hope, my mind recurs to this book, and I feel that the book of Revelation, and the hopes of man, would be incomplete without it."

THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES BY THE WAY: a Narrative of Experience resulting from a Determination to be a Bible Christian. New York: Piercy & Reed. 1843.—We do not expect our female readers to buy and peruse every book mentioned in these notices; but here is one which we are not willing to suppose will escape the examination of any Christian woman whose eye may light upon this recommendation of it. Of all that has been written on the blessed theme of entire sanctification, it is doubtful if any thing is better calculated than this to rouse pious desire, and guide the soul in its seeking. It is a narrative of the work of God in the heart of a sister now alive, and held in high esteem by the Church. There is an unusual degree of simplicity in the narrative, such as we think could not be arrived at, except by the chastening power of the Sanctifier. The author has but one aim, namely, to present pictures—Daguerreotype impressions—of her states of mind, from the time she started in the way to seek holiness until and after she attained it. The difficulties she encountered, their effect upon her mind, and the manner of her escape, are all so represented, that the pious reader readily apprehends them; and often finds that "as in water face answereth to face," so does heart to heart in religious experience. We earnestly commend this little volume to all who hunger after righteousness. As an instance among many of the instructive scenes constantly recurring, in the progress of the narrative, we give the following extract:

"One day, after having given to a friend a narration of the way by which the Lord had brought her, and stated a variety of experience, trials by the way, and the manner in which she had been enabled to overcome, &c., the friend remarked something expressive of surprise and gratitude in reference to the Lord's instructive dealings. 'O,' said she, in return, 'this is the way the Lord takes to instruct and discipline his children. That which is learned by *experience* is much more deeply written upon the heart than that learned by mere precept. Passing through this painful process, the lessons of grace remain written in *living* characters upon the mind, and we are better able to tell to the travelers coming after us, just how and where we met with this and the other difficulty, how we overcame, and the peculiar lessons learned by passing through *this* and *that* trial, and thus be not only advantaged in our own experience, but helpful to fellow pilgrims.'

"Scarcely had she finished speaking, when the prayer that she might be made a monument of the extent of saving grace to transform the heart and life, was brought by the Spirit to her remembrance, and the inquiry was presented whether she would be willing that the petition should be granted, if, in order for its accomplishment, it were needful that she should be called to pass through trials unheard of in magnitude and duration?

"An unutterable weight of responsibility rested upon her mind, and she hastened to prostrate herself in solitude before God. She felt that it was an inquiry proposed by the Spirit, that searcheth all things, and was assured that the decision of that hour would tell momentously on her eternal destiny.

"She thought of the various, complicated, and lengthened trials, transmitted by the inspired page, also those that had met her eye and ear, most formidable in magnitude and duration, and after having weighed the matter, that she might not ask to be baptized with a baptism that she was not able to bear, prostrate on her face before the Sovereign of heaven and earth, she said, 'O, Lord, I now renewedly give myself into thy hands, as clay in the hands of the potter, in order that thy whole will and pleasure may be accomplished in me. Let the petition be answered. Let thy power be manifested to transform and save to the uttermost, though trials of inconceivable magnitude may await me. I rely upon thy faithfulness. Thou hast promised that I shall not be tempted above that which I am able to bear. But if thou seest, at any time, my faith about to fail, remove the trial, or cut short the work in righteousness, and take me home to thyself; suffer me not to live to dishonor thee.'

"The seal proclaiming her wholly the Lord's was now more deeply enstamped, and she realized from that hour that she was taken more closely to the embrace of infinite love, and had cast anchor deeper within the veil. Ever afterward, in passing through the most painful complex trials, she found blessed sat-

isfaction in referring to this period when she had so fully counted the cost."

**ANTIOCH; OR, INCREASE OF MORAL POWER IN THE CHURCH.** By Rev. Pharellus Church, with an Introductory Essay, by Baron Stow.—This little volume needs no recommendation but the reputation of its much esteemed author. It discusses a theme of vital importance in a clear and forcible manner, and it cannot have too wide a circulation.

**POLYNESIA; or, An Historical Account of the Principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand; the Introduction of Christianity; and the Actual Condition of the Inhabitants in regard to Civilization, Commerce, and the Arts of Social Life.** By the Right Rev. M. Russell, L. L. D. and D. C. L., (of St. John's College, Oxford.) With a Map and Vignette. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1843.—Whoever feels a due Christian interest in the missionary enterprises of the age, will peruse this little volume with great delight and profit. It affords, also, to men of the world, to the scientific, and to those who study man in his savage, transition, and improved states, a most interesting picture of the original barbarism of the Polynesians, and their progress under the training of our holy Christianity toward civilization. For ourselves, we are thankful for the privilege of reading this most interesting volume.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

**THE AMERICAN POULTRY-YARD**—published by the Harpers, is an 18mo., of nearly 200 pages, on the Management of Domestic Poultry. Every good house-wife on a farm needs such a book to teach her how to attend to the interests of the poultry-yard, and guard, nourish, and promote the growth of domestic fowls for the use of the table.

On sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

**THE KINGDOM OF GRACE; or, the Millenarian Theory Rigorously Examined, and Demonstrated to be False.** Cincinnati. 1843.—This is a 12mo., of 216 pages, from an unknown author, who, although he seems to intend no disrespect toward the Millenarians, does not treat them as though they might possibly be right and himself wrong. This is seen on the title-page. What could be less promising in an author than the language of his announcement, namely, "*demonstrated to be false*?" He understood the extent of the claim which he must set up in the use of that bold word—"*demonstrated*." We do not hesitate to say that thus to preface an argument framed in opposition to a multitude of the soundest and most erudite divines of past and present ages was indiscreet. It provokes suspicion of the author and of his whole work. Not knowing who he is, or to what denomination he belongs, merely reading this title-page restrained our expectations in regard to the soundness of his views, and the force or conclusiveness of his reasonings. Yet, notwithstanding this unpromising commencement, the writer does urge many forcible objections to the views of the Millenarians. He alledges many strong reasons for believing that there will be a great and glorious spread of religion in these latter days, constituting what is usually understood to be a millennial state. He objects to the theory of another dispensation previous to the general judgment, and brings forward many texts of Scripture, from which he argues with great—we will not say conclusive—force that no future kingdom awaits the Church, except the heavenly and eternal, or the kingdom of glory. He criticises, with much ability, some of the arguments of Mr. Duffield, and shows that his book is far enough from concluding the controversy between the Millenarians and the Anti-Millenarians, and that this thrifless dispute will not soon end.

But mingled with the sounder views of this writer are some amusing mistakes. One of his arguments against a certain feature of Millenarianism is as follows:

"If the army of Gog and Magog is to be composed of the risen wicked—all that shall have lived in the world, in all past ages, to the end of the millenium, it is to be questioned whether there will be space enough on the earth's surface for so large an army to stand up at once, joined as they will be, by the hosts of darkness; especially when we remember that immortal bodies, *spiritualized*, and of consequence greatly expanded, will oc-

cupy a greater space than human bodies. Millenarians may answer this objection by saying that, as the saints are to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, at his coming, the hosts of the wicked, following their leader, shall pursue them thither, and that the last battle shall be fought in the air. But if they should think this a satisfactory solution of the difficulty now supposed, we shall not be at the trouble of an attempt to answer it."

If the writer had calculated a few minutes, he would have found that an island of moderate length and breadth would afford a sufficiently spacious field for all the good and evil of mankind to be set in battle array against each other. Let him reckon up the population of the world for 6,000 years, and the space they would occupy, allowing to each six feet square of ground, and he will be surprised at the result. Bornea, or Sumatra, would serve the armies of Gog and Magog for a battle-field.

**A REVIEW OF ELDER S. W. LYND ON THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST.** By J. B. Cook.—Mr. Lynd and Mr. Cook are highly respectable ministers of the (evangelical) Baptist Church. They argue—the latter *for* and the former *against*—the near personal advent of Jesus Christ. This "review" is a reply to the pamphlet noticed in the September number. Mr. Cook writes in a spirit of meek and fervent charity, and on several points has the argument in his favor. He erred, we think, in merely referring to his Scriptural proofs. They should have been spread out on his pages. Would not both the brethren be the instruments of more good to the Church and to the world by preaching, "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy?"

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE.** New York: Harper & Brothers.—This publication is to appear in eight numbers, at 25 cents each; so that what cost from four to ten dollars in other forms will now be afforded at two dollars. Of all female writers in our language, Hannah More is first in merit and reputation. Few, we trust, who have not obtained her "Complete Works," will fail to supply themselves with a copy.

**BRAND'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.**—We have received the ninth, tenth, and eleventh numbers of this splendid and cheap work.

**M'CULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.** Harper & Brothers.—Parts second and third of this valuable work are also on our table—same form and terms as H. More's works.

**ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.** Harper & Brothers.—The thirteenth number is received—same form and terms as above.

**DR. PUSEY'S SERMON.** Harper & Brothers. Price six cents.

**CHANGE FOR THE AMERICAN NOTES; or, Letters from London to New York.** By an American Lady. Harper & Brothers. Price One Shilling.—This is a retort on Dickens and the English.

**THE TRUE ISSUE OF THE TRUE CHURCHMAN.** Harper & Brothers.—This is a "statement of facts, in relation to the recent ordination in St. Stephen's church, New York, by Drs. Smith and Anthon."

All the above works in numbers are on sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**KENTUCKY CONFERENCE.**—The venerable men composing this Church judicatory have just closed their annual session. It afforded us great pleasure to be present during the first five days of their convocation. The conference has from 110 to 120 preachers in full connection, and about one-fifth of that number on trial. They are men of deep and enlightened piety, much devoted to their work, and successfully cultivating Immanuel's ground over a territory of about 200 miles broad and from 400 to 500 miles long. We feel assured, from the spirit which they manifested, that they will, under God, make the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Louisville, the place where the conference held its session, is a beautiful city, of 28,000 inhabitants, and at present is rapidly improving. Its hospitalities to the members and visitors of the conference were most liberal and kind.